Saturday Review of Literature

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Sumner Welles, author of "We Need Not Fail." *(See page 8)*

Ross Lockridge, Jr.: Escape from Main Street

By NANETTE KUTNER

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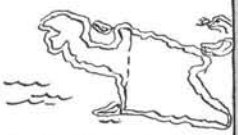

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This Week

June 12, 1948

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TRADITIONAL and solemn academic ceremonies that have their origins in the Middle Ages will celebrate the induction of Dwight D. Eisenhower as President of Columbia University. In the course of time ceremonies tend to become meaningless, but so long as they retain dignity and inspire reverence, their retention needs no justification. At Oxford the Encaenia is the most elaborate of all modern University ceremonies. Now a Convocation essentially for the welcoming of distinguished guests and the presenting of honorary degrees, it dates from the dedication (*encaenia*) of the Sheldonian Theatre in 1699. But its history has not always been one of dignity and solemnity. It was formerly the custom for undergraduates to indulge in much rowdyism at the Encaenia, and the organist came prepared to play not Handel, Bach, or Purcell as today, but the latest popular ditties, such as "Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow." Distinguished strangers were greeted with disconcerting and often highly ribald remarks. Today the impressive proceedings are conducted without such unseemly interruption.

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TRADE Winds

HAD A LOT OF FUN this year lecturing in various parts of the country on "Changing Trends in American Literature and Humor," and even have adhered to the subject on occasion. Most stimulating and revealing to me were the question periods that followed the talks. Sometimes they were embarrassing, too! How can you answer in a few words queries like "What do you think of the book clubs?" and "Why don't you publish books that will win our children over from the comics?" In Rutherford, somebody popped up with, "Who, in your opinion, is the greatest novelist who was born in New Jersey?" For the life of me, I couldn't think of *any* novelist who was born in New Jersey; I still can't, as a matter of fact. (Help wanted!) I stalled with a feeble "Well, Thomas Wolfe passed *through* New Jersey on his way up from Asheville, North Carolina."

In Hagerstown, Maryland, I came after Carl Sandburg, a tough act to follow. One of a group of six hundred wonderfully responsive teachers made it even tougher by asking, "What are book publishers really like?" As though book publishers were a class apart! I've met some who are properly erudite and really love books, others who inherited stock, and haven't read a worth-while volume in ten years. Most of them are liberals, but a few are as bigoted and hypocritical as a kleagle in the Ku Klux. In a gathering of representative publishers you will find athletic champions, Rhodes scholars, men who never completed high school, lobbyists, ex-generals and -ambassadors, Wall Street brokers, musicians, and fugitives from the Kinsey Report. Book publishers, in short, are undistinguishable en masse from any other group of American businessmen. I remember when all the publishers were huddled at the Hotel Commodore to discuss the NRA. A stranger entered, looked around, and asked innocently, "Is this the shoe manufacturers' convention?" . . .

FOR MANY YEARS, homecoming tourists were allowed to bring in only one hundred dollars' worth of foreign purchases duty free. Now a bill certain to be passed will increase each traveler's exemption to four hundred. This will be a special boon to long-suffering husbands who failed to recognize the percentage in smuggling bottles of perfume in their golf socks to enable their wives to save a dollar thirty-five in customs charges. . . . A really exhilarating pastime involved sneaking in a couple of bottles of hooch in prohibition days. Customs officers were wise to all the little subterfuges, but, unless unduly provoked, overlooked minor infractions. The craziest, and most easily detected, dodge was a sort of harness that enabled ladies to "hide" four or five bottles under their dresses, although usually there was a tell-tale clink as they ankled down the gangplank. The late Horace Liveright was accompanying one of these ambulating snack-bars when one bottle in her harness broke loose from its mooring and crashed on the concrete floor of the pier. The customs inspector looked severe. The lady burst into tears. The gallant Liveright explained, "She has water on the knee." . . .

END OF AN ERA: Truman Capote and Gore Vidal have ended their much-publicized feud, and are now friends. Vidal has delivered to Dutton the manuscript of his new novel, "The Season of Comfort," and Capote has almost completed a book of short stories for Random House. Both volumes are scheduled for early 1949. Meanwhile, the boy prodigies are off to Europe. Vidal is touring Italy in a jeep with Tennessee Williams. Capote is luxuriating in a villa south of Paris. Who says the literary life doesn't pay dividends? . . . There is a new edition—the twelfth—of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" on press (Little, Brown). In this one, Winston Churchill will have sixty quotations. His name didn't even appear in the last! The late President Roosevelt is up from twelve to thirty-four. Eisenhower and Einstein make their debut. Edna Millay jumps from six to forty-five, Somerset Maugham from eight to eighteen. . . . Busiest beaver in Publishers' Row these days is Hiram Haydn. His "The Time Is Noon" is a solid best seller. On the side he is an editor, speaker, and radio standby. How does he do it? . . . Lucius Beebe, with the collaboration of Charles M. Clegg, Jr., is preparing a "gag-book" for Bobbs-Merrill under the title of "Dreadful California"—a rewrite of a violent diatribe originally penned by one Hinton Helper in 1855. The no-longer Melancholy Beebe also has invested in a private railroad car, which should prove useful to him in getting out of California when the book is published. . . .

JOE DEVER, AUTHOR of "No Lasting Home" (Bruce), points out, with considerable justice, that "although Boston is predominantly populated by Americans of Irish extraction who

"Fellow candidates for President. . . ."

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embrace the religion of Roman Catholicism, literature on that aspect of the city is scarce. It is almost invariably to the remnants of an older Boston, only the outlines of which remain, that most of the recent literature of the city has addressed itself."

Mr. Dever's own book seems to have broken the ice. The *Boston Herald* commented editorially, "We wish to express our pleasure at the emergence of a new literature which commences, at last, to picture the modern Boston as it is seen through the eyes of the majority of those who live in it. More power to young Dever and the new school of Bostonia in which he has so ably pioneered!"

Incidentally, in Boston, Little, Brown will publish this fall a book called "Vision of Fatima" by the Rev. Thomas McGlynn, O.P., a priest-sculptor of the Dominican Order, which tells the story of his visit to Portugal to make an accurate statue of Our Lady of Fatima under the ten-day direction of Lucy (now a Carmelite nun), to whom the Blessed Mother is said to have appeared six times in 1917, and promised a miracle, which the faithful believe occurred on October 13 of that year. Father McGlynn's visit was the longest of the rare interviews ever permitted with Lucy, and his book will give the details of one of the most fascinating and hotly debated stories of the century. . . .

OVERHEARD AT THE YALE CLUB: "Have you noticed that Edmund Wilson is no longer reviewing books regularly for *The New Yorker*? Somebody must have told Harold Ross that the publishers like his stuff!" . . . Thurman Arnold, addressing a group of authors, reminded them, "You know I wrote a book myself that sold pretty well." A voice in the audience called, "You should have named it 'Forever Monopoly.' It would have sold even better!" . . . A staid editor in the Macmillan text-book department is trying to discover the identity of the joker who sent him a set of four records labeled "Voices in the Night: The Calls of Twenty-six Frogs and Toads Found in Eastern North America." His only clue to date is an ad for the records in *The New York Times* for April 18, containing this description: "Made near ponds and streams, these recordings of amphibian voices include the common species found in Eastern North America, and most of the rare ones also. Herpetologists and students of nature will want to own this album." Herpetologists who read TRADE WINDS can obtain further details from the Comstock Publishing Company, 126 Roberts Place, Ithaca, N. Y. . . .

IN "FREE ADMISSION" (Doubleday), Ilka Chase tells of the day Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, wife of the late General, left New York on a Long Island commuters' special, after arranging for her husband to meet her at the Syosset station. As the train neared Syosset, she discovered to her dismay that it was not scheduled to stop there. She rushed to the back platform as the train tootled by the station, and, catching a hurried glimpse of her husband, tossed him a note she had scribbled. He ran out on the track to retrieve it, hoping for a hint of future plans. The note was very helpful. It read, "This train does not stop at Syosset." BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Ross Lockridge, Jr.—

Escape from Main Street

NANETTE KUTNER

LATE LAST January, when I set out to interview Ross Lockridge, Jr., none of the press agents assigned to publicizing his "Raintree County" knew his whereabouts. The people at the Book-of-the-Month Club said he had settled in California; they had just issued a release that had Lockridge announcing, "California is a wonderful state in which to rear children." Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer, owner of the film rights to his book, wired me that he had already left California. Houghton Mifflin Co., his publishers, suggested that I telephone his father in Bloomington, Indiana. His father told me that Ross, Jr., was now living in Bloomington, where he had bought a house.

So I said to the editors of *Today's Woman* magazine, "You can't miss. For six years a young English instructor, married to his childhood sweetheart, supports her and four kids on twenty-five hundred a year. All the while he's writing a book. When it's published he wins a quarter of a million dollars! The important point," I insisted, "is that he doesn't go berserk. He and his wife settle down and buy all the things your readers want to buy—the house, the car, the furniture, the electric ice-box. What more could a woman's magazine want?"

The editors agreed to send me to Bloomington to interview Mr. and Mrs. Ross Lockridge, Jr.

I had no trouble arranging an appointment. Ross wrote me, typing the note himself, and I went to Indiana at my convenience. I mention this because one press agent had assured me, "Lockridge is so vague you can't pin him down," and another had said, "He thinks he's the great American genius." If Ross Lockridge, Jr., exhibited such traits, then he was a schizophrenic personality. He cooperated with me completely, even offering to make hotel reservations for me. To me he seemed wistful, surprisingly boyish, delighted to talk to "somebody from the outside."

As my taxi drove up a small hill and stopped before his grey shingled house, starkly new, my thoughts reverted again to the perfect slick-magazine story that I was going to write. Then I met the Lockridges, Ross and his very pretty, blonde wife, Vernice.

We sat in the living room that had the neat, barren look of a freshly decorated hotel parlor. Although they had been living in the house a month, no personal pictures hung on the walls. With the exception of two copies of "Raintree County" and a copy of "Red Plush" standing in the otherwise empty, glassed-in shelves of the secretary, there was not a book in sight, nor a bookcase.

I spoke of "Raintree County." "It's like a symphony."

Ross nodded appreciatively.

"Ross says that about 'The Magic Mountain'!" exclaimed Vernice. Then she blushed as if she had talked too much. "I never read a thing," she added hastily. "I haven't time."

Ross spoke of the reviews his book had received, especially the two which appeared in *Newsweek* and *The New Yorker*. They thoroughly angered him. "I don't think those fellows read the book through," he said.

—*Acme.*

The Lockridges—"as American as banana splits and apple pie."

Vernice told me how they had geared their lives to the writing of "Raintree County." "We tried to go out once a week. We had to rely on the kindness of a neighbor because we couldn't afford a baby-sitter. We were so broke Ross wrote on the back of his discarded papers. He would come home and write between classes, with the children running toy trains under his legs. It was grind, grind."

He smiled. "I wouldn't advise anybody to try it. I wouldn't do it again."

WHEN I suggested that his work had been influenced by Thomas Wolfe, he agreeably admitted that it was true. "I feel that I have a better historical background than Wolfe had," he added.

He spoke about the months he had spent revising the manuscript.

Vernice explained, "M.G.M. thought it would sell more copies if it were shorter."

"I could revise it eight more times," he said. "If you read it aloud . . . it scans. Now that it's finished I feel . . ." His voice died away expressively.

"Like having been eight years pregnant," he said.

"Although we were living in such close quarters—three rooms—Ross never talked to me about the book," Vernice volunteered. "Oh, I had a vague idea what it was about. But I didn't really know until I typed it."

Ross spoke of Dorothy Canfield Fisher, one of the Book-of-the-Month Club judges, and how much he would like to meet her.

Later, when I wrote Mrs. Fisher about Ross, she told me that "his reaction to suggestions from the Committee of Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club was mature, not self-willed, not stubborn, very reasonable and intelligent, rather unusual with a young and untried author."

I asked him how he was getting along with his new book. He said that it was "terrible going." He pointed to an adjoining pine-paneled room and his paper-littered desk.

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I asked if he had done anything in the recent war.

"Had too many responsibilities. Physical disabilities . . ." he mumbled.

Vernice's fresh voice took up the cue. "I can tell you *I* was glad when he was rejected. I was in the hospital having my second baby."

He was still mumbling, something about not having wanted to stand on the sidelines while the rest of the world . . .

I sensed a feeling of guilt. Perhaps this was the reason he had scrapped his first two years' work on "Raintree County," starting all over again so that he could shift the time from the twentieth to the nineteenth century. Maybe it was easier for him to forget his guilt, writing about the past.

He told me "Raintree County" was going to appear in a condensed version in *Omnibook*.

"But why?"

"Money."

Yet he certainly was not a commercially-minded writer. He did not even have an agent.

"A writer can do better for himself," said Vernice.

He did not belong to the Authors' League.

"Is that a kind of union?" Vernice asked when it was mentioned.

He spoke of his cousin Mary Jane Ward. "Oh, she made plenty of money out of 'The Snake Pit,' but she could have done better with her movie deal."

Ross told me he gave some of his prize money to relatives, and that Vernice's mother had bought a washing machine.

"Ross gave me a lot, too," Vernice said. "This minute I have more money in the bank than he has."

What did Ross Lockridge, Jr., buy for himself with his money?

"With the M.G.M. award some neckties and my first suit in five years," he told me. "With the Book-of-the-Month money, a second suit."

Did he buy freedom in which to breathe, to relax, to refill the creative vessel? Or did the money turn him into an advertising agent's idea of the perfect husband, a man with cash ready to purchase linoleum, gas heat, and three tiled bathrooms?

UPON winning the Book-of-the-Month selection, the Lockridges deposited their children with relatives and went to California. For like his dreamy hero, Indiana-born John Wickcliff Shawnessey, Ross Franklin Lockridge had watched others go West and was curious as to what was out there.

What did he and Vernice do in California? They hired a Ford, lived in a motel, and visited the M.G.M.

studios where they saw a Margaret O'Brien picture being filmed.

Vernice said she was disappointed that they hadn't seen Margaret. "But we saw Edward Arnold rehearse a scene. And I sat in Robert Preston's chair!" She was shocked at the prices of the California houses. "Fifty thousand for a place no better than this one! Why, they call two lots a ranch!" She giggled. "I wrote home and asked my sister if there were any houses for sale in Bloomington."

I looked closely at Ross Lockridge, Jr.'s patient echo. Her young, soft beauty, her sweet dignity masked the quiet granite-like stubbornness I encountered when I asked a question she did not want to answer. I noted her self-consciousness and defiance as she told me, "My father was a bookkeeper," then, thinking better of it, changed the word to "statistician." She was proper and precise when she altered a mention of "brassiere and drawers" to "undergarments." She appeared thoroughly happy as she caressed a mammoth rib-roast with garlic and told me that now she could afford to "hire a woman to help with the work."

Ross Lockridge, Jr., loved her from the time they were in high school and she was afraid to speak to him "because he was the smartest boy in my class."

"She's Nell Gaither," Ross told me. "She definitely influenced Nell."

But Johnny Shawnessey never married Nell; his heroine was an unattainable dream.

I met Ross's mother, there to help mind the children while I conducted my interview. She displayed her Phi Beta Kappa key prominently, a mother proud of her son who had always won things—races, typing championships, scholarships to the Sorbonne, to Yale, to Harvard.

I met his sturdy historian father, whom other Indiana professors tell me is "an extreme extrovert." To his father Ross must have owed much of his knowledge, yet he ignored him in the book dedications. There again Ross followed the tradition of the good son, the good husband.

During the course of the afternoon I kept meeting the children: Ernest, asking for his allowance; Larry, wanting to know if I had hot meals on the train; Jeanne, running in and out of the room, piping, "Is it time to pass the cookies, mom?;" and the baby, who was dressed and diapered by his writer father.

All the Lockridges were normal, nice, pleasant, kind; as American as the "Elsie" books, as banana splits and apple pie, as Thanksgiving dinners, and fireworks on the Fourth. And as smothering as your Aunt Tillie's feather bed.

It was late afternoon when he drove me back to my hotel, drove badly, with sudden stops and starts. On the wheel his hands were nervous and unsure.

He looked thin and pinched. "I can't sleep," he said. "I take sleeping pills."

"Maybe you ought to get drunk," I suggested.

"Maybe you've got something there."

But he wouldn't join me in a drink, insisting, "*You* grab yourself a couple of quick ones before dinner."

BACK in my hotel room I could see the courthouse built of native limestone, curiously reminiscent of the one in "Raintree County."

We dined together, Ross, Vernice, and I, in a tea-roomy kind of restaurant. Ross explained, "There are no interesting places to eat around here."

After dinner he drove me to the outskirts of Bloomington and pointed out the tall, tree-embroidered white frame house of his parents. It might have been a cousin to the two pictured on the inside cover of his book.

In front of my hotel we said goodbye. "Now I'll lie awake the whole night," he declared. "Vernice, here, she sleeps like a log. I haven't slept since I won those prizes."

Those were the last words he spoke to me. Later I received several letters from him.

In the first, he thanked me for visiting him and his wife "and for bringing a lot of illumination." He added, "Things go on much as before here, with everything down around our ears more and more. I hope to get out of the woods sometime, though it seems right when I need rest most I get least of it. Such is the way of the world, if I may be permitted a fragment of philosophy, having exhausted practically all my philosophy in RC." In another letter he refers to himself as being "ravaged by illness, additional family responsibilities, etc." (The etc. is his.)

In February, just before my article in *Today's Woman* went to press, he sent me a note in response to a query of mine about the make of his automobile. "The car is a Kaiser," he wrote. "Take care. I'm trying to." A

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The World.

In the fall of 1944 the Dumbarton Oaks Conference came forth hopefully with a proposal for a world organization to maintain the peace. Soviet Russia in that year was our tough-fisted and respected ally, American troops were fighting in northern Italy, and relations between Spain and the United States were much the same as they had been since our recognition of Franco's regime in 1939. And in 1944 "Forever Amber" and Bob Hope's "I Never Left Home" broke all publishing records. . . . In this year of 1948 we review below Sumner Welles's eloquent plea in support of a tottering United Nations organization, a true story of Russian spies in Canada, the memoirs of an ex-enemy Italian admiral, and a book deploring that relations between Spain and the United States are much as they've been since 1939.

Repeating a Tragic Error

WE NEED NOT FAIL. By Sumner Welles. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 143 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by BARTLEY CRUM

THIS is an admirable, a sobering, a frightening book. Mr. Welles has written it out of a profound conviction that our own safety, and that of humanity, depends upon the success of the United Nations—that is, upon the success of collective action by the community of nations. In the Palestine issue he sees—as I see—the supreme test of this thesis, believing it to involve not only humanitarian issues and justice, but very largely the future of the United Nations and our own country.

Mr. Welles's theme, I think, may be stated something like this:

The fate of Western civilization may well be determined by the course of American foreign policy. That foreign policy, as evidenced by what we have done and failed to do in the United Nations with regard to Palestine, has not merely crippled that international body. At a moment when we sought to rally the countries of Western Europe to our leadership in the face of Soviet expansion, it sharply shook their confidence in us. Our reversal on partition, particularly our contention that the Security Council has no right to enforce a political settlement, has led other countries to believe that we seek to use the United Nations as an instrument of our own national policy rather than in furtherance of the cause of collective security.

To Mr. Welles, Palestine is the test of the United Nations today precisely as Manchuria was the test of the League of Nations in 1931. The League failed because the major powers, for reasons of selfish expediency, refused to give it the strength to enforce its authority. We are now repeating this tragic error. The American people deserve to know it.

What should we have done about Palestine, and what can we yet do? In answering these questions Mr. Welles has done a magnificent job. He has done it in less than 150 pages of trenchant writing. His book is Palestine and the UN in a nutshell—and an analysis of the background against which today's events in and about Palestine are taking place.

In a compact summation of the Palestine story from the Roman invasion in 135 A.D. to President Truman's recognition of Israel on May 14, 1948, Mr. Welles makes crystal clear a basic fact many persons seem to forget: that the Jews are not "invaders" in Palestine. "There is no ground in law or in equity upon which the Arabs can base their claim to possess the right of sovereign jurisdiction over Palestine," he writes, and substantiates this statement.

Highlighted through his book are men and events—Theodor Herzl, the God-consumed Viennese journalist who wrote "The Jewish State," Dr. Chaim Weizmann, now President of Israel, and his contributions toward winning the Balfour Declaration, and last—and least—Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin (who in my hearing promised that Britain would accept the recommendations of the ill-fated Anglo-American Committee, and then proceeded to toss those recommendations out the window). Mr. Welles traces the steady whittling down of the international promise to the Jews, culminating in the British White Paper of 1939 with its restrictive immigration and Nuremburg racial land laws. He gives us the sad and bitter story of the Jewish DP's and "illegal immigration" into Palestine, the numerous committees of inquiry, and

THE AUTHOR: Sumner Welles has been called "America's conscience" and a "diplomat's diplomat," uncommonly complementary terms. Whether he had already picked his portfolio at Groton, he had at Harvard. Accordingly, he absorbed dollops of economics and—with a cool, blue eye on Latin America—Iberian culture. Whimsically dispatched to Tokyo as Embassy Secretary in 1915, he swung down, two years later, to Buenos Aires and by 1921, aged twenty-eight, was Latin-American Affairs Division Chief in Washington. He differed with Coolidge, resigned, and wrote "Naboth's Vineyard," a Santo Domingo history that lashed at our dollar-and-dagger diplomacy, pleading a policy later labeled "Good Neighbor." As Cuban Ambassador in 1933 he tried it out, under sanguinary circumstances. It was declared a failure, and the stiff-backed, courtly statesman was recalled. Before departing, as token of U. S. sincerity, he set the death-trap for the abhorrent Platt Amendment, which permitted us to intervene there at will. Until 1937 he was Assistant Secretary of State, then Undersecretary to 1943, when friction prompted his resignation. He was measurably responsible for the defensive alliance of Hemisphere nations, projected anti-Nazi strategy with Hull and FDR, pressured UN charter completion before the war ended. Along the angelic path he stumbled twice: once, in blurred devotion to Latin America, by supporting Franco; again by pre-Munich Axis appeasement—along with some other very important people. Recent years have seen his books "Four Freedoms," "The Time for Decision," and "Where Are We Heading?" and, since 1943, a weekly *New York Herald Tribune* column. He is now summing up immediate origins of World War II for 1948 publication, plans a European trip soon as "a working newspaperman." Alarmed that "the UN is functioning on one cylinder," he hopes for an aroused public. "If it fails, there will be insanity and, inevitably, a third world war."—R. G.

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finally, the last shameful months of shillyshallying reversals and diplomatic doubletalk.

I am glad that he puts a sharp spotlight on those forces which opposed the creation of Israel and now are trying to destroy it. The roll call is a sorry one: the self-appointed Arab Higher Committee, behind which lurks the top anti-Semite and Hitler lieutenant, the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem; the "politically potent British and American oil companies," who have obtained oil concessions from the Arabs, and the British both in and out of Palestine who believe that British hegemony in the Arab world is essential to preservation of empire.

In that roll call, forces within our own country are not exempt. Matters were not helped by our high military and State Department officials who apparently failed to grasp the broad implications of a Palestine settlement, and who looked upon Palestine simply as "a problem in strategy." They were prepared to toss everything overboard—fulfilment of pledges to the Jews, solution of the European refugee problem, settlement of a controversy threatening the entire Middle East, the United Nations itself — all this, rather than chance Arab disfavor and endanger American control of the oil fields.

This, I maintain, was sheer chasing after fancy. Like Mr. Welles, I am convinced that both the risk of losing those oil fields and the loyalty of the Arabs to the Western world are vastly exaggerated.

What can we do now? I join with Mr. Welles in urging our government to lift the arms embargo on the Middle East immediately. It is, as he says, "an act of flagrant injustice for which there can be no extenuation." And on a wider front, we can refuse to prostitute collective security to shabby exigencies; we can turn once more to that vision and principle,—that belief that our foreign policy must be grounded on moral bedrock—which made our nation great.

I can only echo Mr. Welles's eloquent words:

> The question of Palestine, alien to our national interests as many of us still believe it to be, affords a test of the capacity of the American people to attain these objectives peace and freedom—for which they have sacrificed, fought, and died in two world wars. . . .
>
> How much suffering must humanity endure before it finally learns to put the whole before the part, to understand that only in the safety of a community of nations can any nation find its own safety?

Mr. Welles is right. We need not fail.

Behind the Blinds

—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

"The Door Is Always Open."

THE IRON CURTAIN. By Igor Gouzenko. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 279 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

SOME weeks ago this reviewer received a leaflet from an anonymous well-wisher. It said in effect that there would be war between the United States and Russia if Americans permitted a certain movie entitled "The Iron Curtain" to be shown, and it demanded the filing of protests with the movie company. Such crises happen all the time, of course, and they can't be summarized so long as the triangular bickering between the Soviet Union and its domestic sympathizers and the rest of us goes on; one can only present a progress report. The latest news is that the movie is playing, that the book from which it was made is just published, and that the Kremlin (without being asked, according to President Truman) wants to start talking peace again.

Quite a lot of noise for a book to be mixed up with, and indeed it is a fact that Mr. Gouzenko has "told" one of those volumes which shatter the peace of the library. On the evening of September 5, 1945, this young Russian code clerk removed 109 documents from the strong room in the Soviet Embassy at Ottawa. Next day, together with his wife and infant son, he battered vainly on the doors of numerous Canadian offices. Worn out with fatigue and dread the three returned home; it was the height of Indian summer and the sun blazed as if to set the world afire.

They left the child with a neighbor and ventured out again. Nothing doing. "I was near total exhaustion and home, at least, meant rest . . ." Opposite the Gouzenko flat, however, two men now sat on a park bench and stared fixedly at the Gouzenko windows. Before Igor could call Anna from the kitchen somebody began to make a racket in the outer hall, pounding with his fist and shouting "Gouzenko!" When he went away they took refuge with a neighbor who called the police. A pair of constables appeared; and after listening to everybody they also retired, leaving instruction for signaling further trouble. The Gouzenkos were put up by a second neighbor who had an extra bed.

Shortly before midnight a group of four men named Pavlov, Rogov, Angelov, and Farafontov jimmied open the empty Gouzenko flat. Of course the signal went wrong but in due course the same Canadian cops arrived and caught the intruders red-handed, taking apart the furniture. Next morning all the proper Canadian offices were opened very wide for young Gouzenko. His 109 documents were entered into the record, and the wheels of justice began to turn. That part of the story is rather skimped here. The interested reader will want to look at the full report published by the Canadian Government; and certainly he ought also to look at the remarkable chapters on the trial of Dr. Allan Nunn May in Rebecca West's "The Meaning of Treason." This muddle-headed atomic physicist was the key catch. He not only stole samples of uranium and gave them to the Soviets with other data that included technical information about the American proximity (radar-activated) fuze; he also took money for doing so although a long time member of the Communist Party.

May was finally convicted on his own confession before an English court, and the remarks of the presiding judge, which were omitted by Miss West, are alone worth the price of "The Iron Curtain." However, the most startling contribution to the growing literature of red revelation that Gouzenko makes is a chapter on anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. The entire narrative is notable for its simplicity, humility, and candor. "We have been impressed," said the Royal Commission appointed in Canada to investigate this matter, "with the sincerity of the man, and with the maner in which he gave his evidence. . . ." You will feel the same way. Moreover, if what Hollywood has done with his story bothers you, go and read the book. It's your duty to do so before making any further comment along that line.

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Nice People Behind Franco

THE MASQUERADE IN SPAIN. By Charles Foltz, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 375 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THIS is a very sound book indeed, written by an Associated Press man who really understands what he is talking about, who knows Spanish well, who likes Spain and the Spanish people, and who tells much of his shocking story from first-hand observation. It may be recommended with assurance to all readers interested in the subject who do not insist upon a simplified or biased version of a complex situation which could not, in the circumstances, have much to do with the facts in the case.

The meaning of the title is that Franco and his government are a front, a mask, for the real rulers of Spain, who are *la gente*, the "nice people." Who are the "nice people"? Says Mr. Foltz, the "noblemen, the churchmen, the big industrialists and business men, the bankers, and the professional soldiers." This oligarchy, he thinks, came into power about 450 years ago when Spain as we know it was born, and has remained there ever since, the power behind thrones or dictators, the minority which exercises control over a country that has been without a real middle class since the medieval expulsion of the Moors and the Jews. He calls the oligarchy "The Family" and says it numbers about half a million out of the present population of about 27,000,000. By controlling everything in sight, food, housing, the courts, etc., it keeps in its immediate orbit enough almost "nice people" to give it a tight hold on the majority.

Is it Fascistic? Of course, not only because its Falange is essentially Fascistic, but because the totalitarian state has been normal in Spain, with a few brief interruptions, since the days of the meticulous bureaucrat known to history as Philip II. Would it help much if Franco could be suddenly removed from the scene? Mr. Foltz doesn't think it would, because the Family, which is nothing if not adjustable in its ideas, would either shift to a monarchy, even with the poor crop of candidates it has, or else elevate another general to the post of *caudillo*.

Are we to be satisfied with the present situation in which, for all his fast friendship with Hitler and Mussolini, Franco is momentarily on our side in the cold war? Mr. Foltz thinks the Department of State is, but he feels very strongly that we owe it to the Spanish people—*el pueblo*, the people, rather than *la gente*, the nice people—to arrange matters, perhaps through UN, so that the majority may choose its own form of government by ballots, be it constitutional monarchy or new republic. Economic sanctions strongly applied would, he believes, bring about such an election. Of course, the British would have to agree to this move, and the British have been consistently on the side of the nice people, to whom they are closely allied in many respects, especially the financial, and are no doubt happier with the present arrangements than they would be with a republic.

Mr. Foltz who knows that Spaniards make very bad Communists because they make very good anarchists, thinks *el pueblo* may, in desperation, turn to Communism, which it now hates almost as violently as it does Franco and the Family, unless we intervene in their interest. Thus far, however, no people by nature as free as the Spaniards have made any such move or less deliberate choice, and since the Russians are not now in the position to use the force they have applied to their near neighbors and fellow-Slavs, the Communist threat seems somewhat far-fetched. At least, it is not strong enough and near enough to cause us to wage a cold war campaign in the Peninsula such as we have just won in Italy.

Of the very old and very difficult problem of separatism, Mr. Foltz does not write in much detail, and he is obviously less fearful of it than are other observers. I hope he is right and that it may not, in the event of a free election in Spain (should this miracle occur), cause any new government too much trouble. But the words of some of my Basque and Catalan friends will not stop ringing in my ears.

Mr. Foltz makes a strong plea for intervention based upon the importance of Spain as "African, European, and American," and as the key to the Mediterranean, but he really leaves us with the problem of trying to render abstract justice to a great, but unfortunate, people, and alas, we are no more in that business than is any other nation. As for the ousting of Franco—the fat little man who lives in the suburban palace of El Pardo surrounded by dressed-up, but hard-fighting Moors—he has been called "*un gallego con suerte*," a luck-struck Galician, which means a hard man to handle in any circumstances.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SCRAMBLED NAMES OF POETS

Mrs. Davis Baker, of Glens Falls, N. Y., submits the scrambled names of twenty-five famous poets. Can you unscramble them and match them with the names listed in the column at the right? Allowing four points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 22.

1. A Honk Jest	( ) Matthew Arnold
2. Bristle Sting A Toe, Dear	( ) Rupert Brooke
3. Come Gay Old Salt Rule Ire	( ) Robert Browning
4. Doe in Jam Shelf	( ) George Gordon, Lord Byron
5. Dog Gon Ornery Bold Roger	( ) Geoffrey Chaucer
6. Did Lurk Nip Gray	( ) Samuel Taylor Coleridge
7. Dormant Wealth	( ) Edward Fitzgerald
8. Dreens Mud Pens	( ) Oliver Goldsmith
9. Drives Light Loom	( ) Alfred Edward Housman
10. Eli Hare Likes A Swamp	( ) John Keats
11. Emerge Eight Rod	( ) Rudyard Kipling
12. Explore a Den, Pa	( ) Christopher Marlowe
13. Fondest Lyre, Nan	( ) John Masefield
14. Gerrt Won Ribbon	( ) George Meredith
15. Heh, Sly Creepy Sybels	( ) John Milton
16. I Swallow Third Worm	( ) Alexander Pope
17. Kub Reportore	( ) Dante Gabriel Rossetti
18. Last Trite Crows	( ) Sir Walter Scott
19. Linjo Month	( ) William Shakespeare
20. R. Helm Is Poor Watcher	( ) Percy Bysshe Shelley
21. No Believers Trust Soon	( ) Edmund Spenser
22. Rouge Face Frechy	( ) Robert Louis Stevenson
23. Shadow and Dream Fleur	( ) Algernon Charles Swinburne
24. Shorn Blue Wings Ran Cleaner	( ) Alfred Tennyson
25. Traded Frazled Wig	( ) William Wordsworth

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Fascist Strategy and Espionage

FROM THE ASHES OF DISGRACE. By Admiral Franco Maugeri. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 376 pp. $4.

Reviewed by ALFREDO SEGRE

IN THESE hurried times when week after week books are poured out by the dozens, both the reader and the literary critic, for whom the next book to be read or reviewed continually looms ahead, are likely to glance at the flap of each volume and passively accept whatever appraisal they find on it—especially when the author or subject-matter is unfamiliar. However, after a careful reading of Admiral Maugeri's memoirs one finds it a bit difficult to accept such phrases as "the most important document," "fully and frankly written," "candid and remarkably revealing" displayed on the book's jacket. Victor Rosen, who was rushed to Italy to edit the book, has also been praised, probably for his stolid patience in jotting down scores of conflicting statements, in patching up tottering sequences of historical events with digressions ranging from a description of the physical traits of a friend who smokes Pittsburgh stogies to a commonplace picture of Piazza di Spagna; and he must have been particularly praised for having stood firm under the impact of the continuous judgments that Admiral Maugeri passes on the Italian people.

Admiral Maugeri knows a lot about naval strategy and espionage; he rendered invaluable service in organizing and leading part of the Italian underground movement; he has been in contact with many important personalities. Why not write a simple, straightforward account of his experiences? Why bother to assert political opinions, moral principles, spiritual attitudes? Admiral Maugeri declares at least ten times that he was anti-Fascist. One could, just out of curiosity, ask why in the year 1941 Mr. Maugeri became director of the Italian Naval Intelligence; and then make some inquiry into the activities of the agents of this secret service against Mussolini's foes. How can an anti-Fascist speak with affection, as does Mr. Maugeri, of "his German associates" in the Nazi intelligence service? And how could an anti-Fascist plan with them for a more efficient submarine campaign against the Allies? But these questions could easily be dismissed by many military men who would retort that their duty is to serve the superior interests of their country, war is war, and so on. In turn, it seems only fair to ask that military men stick to their guns and steer clear of unnecessary professions of faith.

The constant worry of Mr. Maugeri seems to be to play safe and this worry is so harassing as to make him lose, assuming that he possessed it, every sense of logic.

> Mussolini restored our self-respect as a people, our sense of dignity and pride in ourselves as a nation. He gave us the self-discipline we sorely needed then and *still need today*. He made us go back to work and produce. We built fine roads, bridges, schools, hospitals, homes, and factories. Our agriculture flourished. Our industry expanded. Our colonies grew and prospered. Order took the place of anarchy. . . .

The following paragraph says: "To achieve these gains we betrayed our traditions and ourselves." About this "self-discipline" that Mussolini gave and that the Italian people still need *today*, Admiral Maugeri has something to add: "The magnificent teamwork and cooperation, the stubborn determination to rebuild and become reborn . . . is visible everywhere in Italy *today*. Even strangers who scarcely know Italy can see and feel it."

Stripped of all nonsense, this book contains interesting chapters, particularly the one dealing with assault weapons, the one describing Admiral Maugeri's mission in taking care of the exiled Mussolini, and finally and best of all, the dramatic account of the activities of the Rome underground, part of which was the group of Italian Naval personnel led by Admiral Maugeri himself.

My Current Reading

Sumner T. Pike writes: "My reading is largely dictated by two circumstances, one, the nature of my job as Atomic Energy Commissioner, which requires the going over of a tremendous number of technical reports, and two, my dictatorial booksellers." Before his appointment to the Atomic Energy Commission Mr. Pike made a "dicker" with his booksellers to send him four or five books a month on approval. Since then, he continues, "the books keep following me around and the number has worked up to five or six a week. With this explanation and excluding an appalling amount of trash, the details of which I refuse to go into, here is a partial list of the ones which I have read since the first of the year."

—*Wide World.*

ESSAYS IN SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY, *by A. N. Whitehead (Philosophical Library)*

ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI, *by Bernard DeVoto (Houghton Mifflin)*

THE MEMORY OF CERTAIN PERSONS, *by John Erskine (Lippincott)*

YANKEE COAST, *by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (Macmillan)*

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY, *by Alan Paton (Scribner)*

JUAREZ AND HIS MEXICO, *by Ralph Roeder (Viking)*

CONCORD: AMERICAN TOWN, *by Townsend Scudder (Little, Brown)*

ANGLO-SAXON SAINTS AND SCHOLARS, *by Eleanor Duckett (Macmillan)*

EAGLE IN THE SKY, *by F. Van Wyck Mason (Lippincott)*

CARROUSEL FOR BIBLIOPHILES, *edited by William Targ (Duchnes Crawford)*

THE WESTWARD CROSSINGS, *by Jeannette Mirsky (Knopf)*

PHILOSOPHER'S QUEST, *by Irwin Edman (Viking)*

AMERICA IN OUR TIME: 1896-1946, *by D. L. Dumond (Holt)*

KINGDOM OF ADVENTURE: EVEREST, *by James R. Ullman (Sloane)*

THE ANCIENT MAYA, *by Sylvanus Morley (Stanford)*

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: SUPPLEMENT II, *by H. L. Mencken (Knopf)*

FOUR STUDIES IN LOYALTY, *by Christopher Sykes (Sloane)*

THE MEANING OF TREASON, *by Rebecca West (Viking)*

A RUSSIAN JOURNAL, *by John Steinbeck and Robert Capa (Viking)*

ALBERT SCHWEITZER: *The Man and His Mind, by George Seaver (Harper)*

THE STATURE OF THOMAS MANN, *edited by Charles Neider (New Directions)*

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE, *by Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Clyde E. Martin (W. B. Saunders)*

THE IDES OF MARCH, *by Thornton Wilder (Harper)*

POSTSCRIPT TO YESTERDAY, *by Lloyd Morris (Random)*

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U.S.A. *"With the right men, the growth of good government is as rapid as the growth of vegetation is in the right soil. Indeed, good government is like a fast-growing plant. The conduct of government, therefore, depends upon the men." So wrote Confucius in the fifth century B.C., thus formulating a problem that is central to democracy today—how to get good men into office. Below we review two books by good men out of office but close to the centers of political power. Harold J. Laski, one of the brain-trusters of the Labor Party in England, holds no office, apparently by choice. Ellis Gibbs Arnall, temporarily on the sidelines after a regular term as Governor of Georgia, has written two challenging books in the interval, and will undoubtedly be heard from again, either as an author or once more as a political leader.*

What We Must Do to Be Saved

THE AMERICAN DEMOCRACY: A Commentary and an Interpretation. By Harold J. Laski. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 800 *pp.* $6.50.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

READERS of this massive work will inevitably compare it with Alexis de Tocqueville's "Democracy in America" and James Bryce's "The American Commonwealth." Mr. Laski's pages show evidences that he is inviting this challenge. Readers will agree that he has met it boldly and with head unbowed. Edward Gibbon's aspiration in respect of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"—that, "a hundred years hence, I may still continue to be abused"—has not been realized literally, but he is still remembered and read. So, emphatically, is de Tocqueville, with two new editions in the last half dozen years, and "The American Commonwealth" is by no means forgotten. Mr. Laski will assuredly be abused but for how long I refuse to prophesy.

In comparison with de Tocqueville and Bryce, Mr. Laski has had great advantages. The Frenchman was in the United States for only nine months during 1831-32. A half century later, on his third brief visit to this country Bryce cast in his mind the design of the book which required five years to complete. For a third of a century Mr. Laski has given American political and social developments almost as much attention as he has paid to similar matters in his native land. Before he went to the London School of Economics (1920), he had served on the faculties of American universities. In the last twenty-five years, he has made us repeated visits, has lectured many places, and, as he says, cannot "forget the magnanimity with which the late Franklin D. Roosevelt allowed me to see the working of the presidential system from within." Opportunities for acquiring knowledge were unrivaled. That they were taken advantage of almost every page demonstrates.

The author of "Democracy in America" was a French aristocrat who thought that democracy was going to spread and that what he observed in the United States might come to pass later in France. His book is still worth reading because of its striking judgments and interpretations, but it was defective because de Tocqueville had insufficient knowledge. It was defective also, because the trees did not hide the woods. Moreover, de Tocqueville had never been to England and it is impossible adequately to interpret American political life save against the background of the crepuscular institutions which have mothered so many legislatures and executives, and whose progeny has included a number of ugly ducklings.

A Victorian Liberal, Bryce had held office in his country and knew its politics well. His picture of American institutions in 1888 was far more accurate than the picture that the Frenchman drew, and since Bryce himself estimated that five-sixths of his knowledge came from conversations with friends, the accuracy is the more amazing. Stretches are dull and judgments are cautious, but the work was a notable one and certain sections—like those on public opinion—are still worth reading.

Mr. Laski naturally writes as an English Socialist. He tells us what we must do to be saved, and ventures many positive judgments on currents of opinion, institutions, and men. His single theme is that "Americanism must come to mean the same thing for the sharecropper of Arkansas as for the stock broker on Park Avenue in New York City." The variations on this theme indulge in enormous detail. The index requires forty closely-printed columns. Incidents and names proliferate on his pages and a good many readers who think that they have reasonable awareness of what has happened in this country since the First World War, will at times be puzzled. Great literacy is omnipresent.

Compared with de Tocqueville and Bryce, Laski devotes relatively little attention to political institutions as such. He gives sixty pages to national politics but seventy to education; thirty to local governments but 100 to the press, cinema, and radio. The analysis assumes that readers have wide information. There is little of the description which was Bryce's principal task. Long chapters deal with the American tradition and spirit, business enterprise, labor, religion, American culture, minority problems, and America as a world power.

There can and will be controversy over much that Mr. Laski says. He is interested not only in facts but in what the French used to call "la cuisine"—the gossip of the chamber of deputies—and pays attention to "la cuisine" of American newspapers and magazines and the professions. He rides in many different directions, and his intense earnestness, even passion, narrowly escapes on occasion becoming mere sound and fury. Calvin Coolidge was "a kind of Woolworth-made follower of Alexander Hamilton." A paragraph purports to disclose Mr. Henry R. Luce's secret thoughts. There are five bitter pages on *Time* and its readers. Dr. Morris Fishbein, "the outstanding leader in American medical politics," is "just one more of that genus in which Mark Hanna was the supreme museum specimen." The political machines "must possess every type of political *condottiere* from an orator like Choate to á drill sergeant like Mayor Hague of New Jersey." Irving Babbitt, or Paul Elmer More, is "the aloof academic snob"; H. L. Mencken is "the amusing and impenitent snob," and John Hay, as novelist, is "the merely social snob."

Mr. Laski's scorn of the interest the American press took in the Edward VIII-Mrs. Simpson romance makes me recall that a highly respected English peer dined two American friends just before the English newspapers published the story. When the dinner ended he waited until the servants were out of the room and then said: "Now tell us all that you know about Mrs. Simpson." Will the mass of detail, the profusion of judgments made cocksure in order to startle, date Mr. Laski's book and keep it from being

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Publisher's Gallery

—Drawn from life by Norkin.

VII: Elliott Beach Macrae

NO PAULINE conversion has yet shattered Elliott Beach Macrae's ambivalence as "the only damyankee in my family." Since he succeeded his Virginian father, John Macrae, Sr., as overlord of E. P. Dutton & Co. in 1944, however, his policy has been "to publish any book that is good in its field, even if it gives the South a considerable rap." "But," he confesses, "one can't completely disassociate oneself from one's background [*his* embraced a Staten Island childhood, four VMI years]."

Dutton's third president worships three bearded gods: Edward Payson Dutton, who sired the firm (1852); J. M. Dent, British co-publisher of Everyman's Library —now rocketing toward the 1,000th vol.—, and his father, decrier of best-seller publishing. "They had a spiritual quality generally lacking today," Mr. Macrae laments. Macrae *père*, though, was not averse to stirring a flame of public interest into a conflagration, nor is Macrae *fils*—*e.g.*, exploiting for Dutton's "The Iron Curtain" all the publicity values of the Commie-inspired whoop-de-doo around the recent NY film première—so that he can lavish the profits on publishing "with the left hand, the heart." He is proud of the firm's back list ("Far Away and Long Ago," "The Story of San Michele," especially) and authors (Samuel Butler, Pirandello, among others).

Commuting means leisure for mss.-reading. Once home — Conn. —there are two small daughters and a garden "to fool around with." On the eve of his 48th birthday (June 13) he "still plays singles." Trout fishing lures him to Canada annually. He is slight, militarily polished and erect. He missed both wars; he doubts there will be a third—when/if, he plans "to be the first to go."—E. P. H.

repondered to the extent that the works of de Tocqueville and Bryce have been?

In style de Tocqueville was lucid and brilliant; Bryce was clear but ponderous. "The American Democracy" is sprightly, full of acid characterizations, allusive, sometimes elusive and rhetorical. Frequently the rhetoric is magnificent, but sometimes also it claims Mr. Laski as its victim. There are sentences which might be effective if spoken or even sung but which bring the reader up sharp while he tries to puzzle out a meaning. For example, speaking of the factors that formed the American spirit, Mr. Laski says:

> The first is the dramatic aspect, which almost no one could escape, of a vast continent, from which were absent alike the panoply and the hierarchy of the Old World, not only being subdued by the hands of men, but being subdued by men many of whom, in that Old World, would have been the victims of its panoply and its hierarchy.

On the credit side, however, Mr. Laski seems to have abandoned one stylistic enthusiasm. Occasionally, I admit, I am not unaddicted to the "*not un-*" formation, but I always try to keep in mind a sentence which George Orwell constructed when he was writing about Mr. Laski's devotion to negatives: "A not unblack dog was chasing a not unsmall rabbit across a not ungreen field." Perhaps this sentence has kept Mr. Laski's negatives from being as uninhibited as they have been in some of his past writings.

Lindsay Rogers, professor of public law at Columbia University, is author of "The Problem of Government," "The American Senate," and "Crisis Government," and editor of a number of standard works on political science.

Taking America Apart

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT. By Ellis Gibbs Arnall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1948. 286 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WARREN MOSCOW

THOSE of us who have a tendency to look upon the "union" states of the North and East as the home of civil liberties in America will find constant reminders, in Ellis Arnall's new book, of our own various sins of commission and omission. There are continued references, from Georgia's former Governor, to the Sacco-Vanzetti case and more recent anti-Semitism in Boston; of the class distinction involved in New York's blue ribbon jury system; of other things we tend to forget when looking down on the South for its poll taxes and its segregation policies.

And for those who, consciously or otherwise, regard the management of the nation's economy as a natural function of the East, there is additional food for thought. To Mr. Arnall, it is quite apparent that the East is on the way out, bound to fade the way England did—just an empire fed by an outmoded colonial system and headed for second-class status after the colonies are developed. The effect of Mr. Arnall's new book is to make those who have their habitats in the North or the East lay down his volume with the feeling that their egos have been under severe attack, and that a healthy deflation was Mr. Arnall's goal.

To Mr. Arnall, the South and the West are the real hopes of America of the future, the "colonies" that can and must be developed if America is to progress naturally. He sees our nation able to support a population of a quarter of a billion, living better and happier than our present 140,000,000, once the grip of Eastern capitalism is relaxed and the under-populated, under-privileged sections of the nation are given a chance. He restates at length his theory that the Negro of the South is a second-class citizen because the South as a whole is kept down by the entrenched Bourbonism supported from the North.

Mr. Arnall outlined much of his political and economic philosophy in his first book, "The Shores Dimly Seen," published two years ago. Then he wrote on a broad, national scale. Now he takes our country apart by sections, even by cities, on the basis of details and impressions he picked up on a nation-wide lecture tour. In this phase, his book suffers by comparison with his first. He indulges in the Gunther technique but goes too little into detail to rival the originator of the quick "look see."

In fact, as far as living up to the title is concerned, the Arnall book does not quite come off. It boils down to the theme that the people want peace and prosperity and plenty, and that Mr. Arnall thinks he knows how to give it to them. But when Mr. Arnall goes back into our history, to tell what he likes or dislikes about America, his complete iconoclasm makes his views extremely interesting. No man hampered by the traditional would praise Warren Harding—

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for his record on civil liberties—and then take his cabinet apart as follows:

> No President was ever saddled with such a cabinet as that inflicted by the party leadership on Warren Harding. . . . Andrew Mellon contributed more to the wrecking of the American standard of living, to the undermining of free enterprise and to the destruction of the national economy than any other single figure in American history. Albert Fall almost destroyed the people's belief in the basic integrity of our governmental system. Charles Evans Hughes fixed upon the country a foreign policy that robbed the United States of self-respect at home and prestige abroad. Herbert Hoover elevated the science of uttering platitudes to a degree of perfection not attained by either Henry Clay or William McKinley, and spent the eight years of the Harding-Coolidge regime in seeking the presidency; he is remembered for his military victory at Anacostia over the bonus marchers.

Governor Arnall has his heroes, obvious figures like Franklin D. Roosevelt and George W. Norris, but he also lists Frank Murphy of Michigan, over whom there might be some dispute, and Roger Brooke Taney, the man who wrote the Dred Scott decision, whom the Georgian sees as an outstanding defender of human freedom. He is obviously fond of Henry A. Wallace, regards him as a man of courage and honesty, presently doing the cause of liberalism a disservice.

It is almost inevitable that Mr. Arnall, loving the South the way he does—and particularly his home state—should dig deeper to find virtues, should more often exhume its past sufferings, than he does for other sections of the nation. Maybe he errs, at this late date, in bringing up the fact that Georgia suffered a financial loss when the Continental currency was honored at par by the then new Federal government, and yet it is another reminder that in this sectional nation of ours, all sections do not read history in the same light.

New York City reminds Mr. Arnall of his home town of Newman, and he likes it, despite its "snobbish" tendency to send its middle class children to private schools and thereby subvert democracy. He thinks New York has a liberal tradition and he thinks also that it is the home of a more intelligent conservative group than any other place in the nation. Those in both camps, in New York and elsewhere, will welcome Mr. Arnall's book as honest and stimulating, even where they disagree.

Warren Moscow is using some of the information he has accumulated in reporting politics for The New York Times *in "Politics in the Empire State" to be published this autumn.*

Fiction. *It is a constant temptation to try to make sense of the weekly graphs of best sellers. It appears that the more disturbing the daily headlines the more firmly is Dr. Liebman's "Peace of Mind" riveted to the top of the non-fiction tree. Professor Toynbee's solid histories have reached third and eighth place on the list, due to those who seek understanding rather than relief. Fiction readers have a difficult escape. Seven out of sixteen listed best sellers are now historical novels. This week's reviews record a new novel by Frank Swinnerton, his thirtieth, in which the reader may flee to Victorian literary melodrama. There are several deft novels of contemporary perplexities and revolts, including Blythe Morley's tale of an adolescent who has a passionate affair with his foster aunt, aptly named "The Intemperate Season," and Markoosha Fischer's "The Nazarovs," a serious anti-Soviet novel.*

Back-Alley Publisher

FAITHFUL COMPANY. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1948. 310 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

ONLY England seems to be able to produce industrious and gifted novelists who are at the same time men of letters, accomplished editors, essayists or biographers, and who become a living part of the closely-woven texture of English literary life. Frank Swinnerton is one of these enviable figures, at sixty-four industriously writing in his cottage in Surrey, apparently aloof from the neurotic violence or madness that has seized the outside world. Editor of an admirable small publishing house for nearly twenty years, after an apprenticeship with the publishers of Everyman's Library, his latest novel is concerned with one of the dismal back alleys of British publishing which assuredly has no relation to his own experience.

Faithful House was a publishing company that came straight from the eighteenth century, started its pious magazines and textbooks in Victorian days, and was languishing and decaying in the 1930's. The Goodlebys, father and son, ruled the decrepit premises with an iron hand, living together in a musty apartment in the old building, and stealing downstairs at night to pry into the desks and the letters of their subordinates. They are a pair of tyrannous villains, straight out of Dickens. Over the years the old Tom, bald, bearded, and illiterate, had reduced his son George to sycophantic impotence. George loathed and feared him though they called each other darling and dearest. One day the old monster had a stroke, but before he died managed to make a sound will, leaving the firm and everything he owned to a wife of whom no one had ever heard. George never had the courage to move into his father's massive bed; echoes of Goodleby senior's thundrous laughter seemed to pursue him from his grave.

True to the Dickensian pattern the dramatic conflict in the fall of Faithful House involves the fate of an upstanding young man, Barry Fowler,

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 260

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 260 will be found in the next issue.

PI MBLCL'F N RGA MG AL

OGTL, P NDQNEF NFH MBL

AYFPLFM KNT PT KE SNCPFB

MG MNHL PM GT NTO PM

XLMF OGTL.

BLTCE QNCO ALLWBLC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 259

In every village there will arise a miscreant, to establish the most grinding tyranny, by calling himself the people.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

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editor of *The Christian Wife, Faithful Stories,* and *Faithful Boys.* And Barry, though he is married to an over-ambitious wife, falls in love with his virtuous and lovely secretary. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that George is jealous of his able assistant and that he has cast his moist eyes on little Laura. In this atmosphere of hate and suspicion plots and conspiracies grow like mushrooms; but in the heart of the depression fearful men and women were compelled to stick to their livelihoods, to sit trembling at their desks, typing and editing the brand of piety and humbug that had gone out of fashion a half century before. Slowly Faithful House falls to pieces; and the mind of the tyrannical ogre, whom the staff has named "old horrible," disintegrates with it. The final explosion that blows the old house apart and destroys the dusty accumulation of a century of bad literature is entirely satisfying and worth waiting for.

In spite of its melodramatic and somewhat obvious plot, "Faithful Company" managed to be an absorbingly entertaining novel. It is perhaps conceivable that as fabulous an institution as Faithful House could have existed and have managed to survive in London before the German air raids blew away what was left of the picturesque and dark remnants of the Victorian past. That it seems possible is due to Mr. Swinnerton's gift for creating the dank kind of atmosphere necessary for his story. His characters, whether they are out of Dickens, or not, emerge as human beings, and in some way the worthy and the noble are neither mawkish nor silly. Even the villains, sly or devilish, have a kind of dignity and pathos about them. And then there is the comforting assurance from the very beginning that everything will turn out all right in the end, that satisfying knowledge that the world is essentially a place where good and bad people get their just deserts which was so essential to the popularity of the Victorian novel. More than one modern English writer has turned to this old and still satisfactory recipe for melodrama, half concealed under the luxuriant foliage of descriptive passages, and ruled by human beings who know which way they are going and who remain steadfast to the characteristics with which they are endowed from the first page by their creators. It is conceivable that Mr. Swinnerton in this novel has consciously created an allegory of the end of an era, though there is no indication that with Victorian piety out of the window the devil was about to enter the door.

Under the Whiplash of Soviet Terror

THE NAZAROVS. By Markoosha Fischer. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 373 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ORIANA ATKINSON

MARKOOSHA FISCHER, author of "My Lives in Russia," has written a novel called "The Nazarovs." It bears the clear imprint of personal experience and deep understanding of the people and the situations involved. Mrs. Fischer is a Russian-born woman, whose early years spanned the Revolutionary era. In youth she recognized and rejected the social injustices of the Czarist government and allied herself with the Revolutionaries. She knew many of the great Bolsheviks who were purged in the dreadful upheaval of 1936-1939. She became sadly disillusioned with Stalinism at that time and left Russia in 1939 because she knew she would have to sacrifice all freedom if she remained there.

Her new book is about various members of the rich and powerful Nazarov family and the ways in which some of them passed from the life under the Czar to life under the Soviets. It is a good novel and an excellent story. But it is less valuable as fiction than it is for the picture it draws of the disillusionment and disintegration of the human spirit under the whiplash of Soviet terror.

The story starts in 1892, just before Czar Nicholas II came to the throne. It ends in 1942 with the Soviets firmly in control. The lives of the Nazarov family during these years are traced step by step as they move to their doom. None of them escapes. One or two save their own souls; but not until everything they hold dear is lost. Only then do they dare cleanse themselves of the foul moral compromises forced upon them.

Several of the most interesting characters are shadowy, and unfortunately pass early from the scene. Olga and her husband Gregor, pure-hearted and young, renounce the Czarist world and go out into a remote village to teach the peasants. We see and learn little of their lives.

The pre-Revolutionary, luxurious life of Anton Nazarov, father of the family and of his lovely wife, Kseniya, and of the little feather-headed daughter Vera, is shown in interesting detail. Then there is the story of Anton's son Maxim, who broke away from family ties and the pleasant Nazarov life, to throw himself passionately into the Communist cause, who rose in the Party ranks to a place of power, and who, in spite of every effort to follow

—*Joseph Breitenbach.*

Markoosha Fischer "knows that the whole program has become a madhouse of tangled directives and lost ideals."

the Party line, was finally arrested and sent to the quarries in Siberia.

There is the story of Maxim's niece, Kira, who became his wife. Wholesome, honest, eager to serve, Kira, too, after many loyal years, is rejected.

Kira's sister, Katya, finds an easy way of life. Because of her Nazarov family connection, Katya is sent when young to a labor camp. But she uses her wits and her wiles and with them buys herself immunity from poverty and fear. Katya never suffers privation after that time. She learns early that honesty and loyalty to the Cause are no protection.

Natasha, daughter of the teachers Olga and Gregor, was an ardent little patriot who from early childhood gave heart and mind to the New Order. Yet, after years of selfless devotion, she, too, was coldly and brutally betrayed. Peter, her husband, knew that to exist at all daily compromises had to be made. Finally, Natasha and Peter understood that all was lost, and bowed their heads under the bitter knowledge that they were damned.

Natasha's son and daughter, Volnik and Maya, were born into the world of the Stalin god. Knowing no other, they were better adjusted than any of the older people. Volnik is a typical Soviet youth; blind in adoration of Stalin, unquestioning of the ceaseless propaganda fed to him by teachers and Party leaders; ignorant of the world outside his heavenly homeland. Maya, his gentle sister, is merely quiet and docile, understanding little of the morass which engulfs her.

Mrs. Fischer shows all the Nazarovs

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with complete fidelity. Only Vera, as an older woman, seems unreal. How did Vera manage to live? How did Vera escape prison or exile, she who never gave up hope for the return of Czarist days?

The author has been wise in presenting this story in a novel. In no other way could her knowledge of the Soviet system be told so vividly. She writes without hysteria or malice. But she knows that the fine principles of the early leaders have been aborted. She knows that the whole program has become a madhouse of tangled directives and lost ideals.

As the years pass Mrs. Fischer feels that the ruin becomes more complete. She has great pity for the sad, despairing Russian people, caught relentlessly in the trap they all thought was the gate to honor, decency, and true happiness.

Oriana Atkinson accompanied her husband, New York Times *correspondent Brooks Atkinson, on a wartime assignment to Russia.*

Raptures and Agonies of Adolescence

THE INTEMPERATE SEASON. By Blythe Morley. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1948. 204 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

BLYTHE MORLEY'S first novel is the story of a boy's sudden and violent growing up; of the seventeenth summer in the life of Robert Fleming, during which he passed from the temperate climate of childhood into that intemperate season of the adolescent's first overwhelming acquaintance with adult emotions and experiences. Being young herself, Miss Morley is not too far removed from that tumultuous and intense period to remember it with vividness, and being talented and articulate (as might be expected of the daughter of Christopher Morley), she is able to write of it with graphic clarity and power. Her portrayal of Robert, moving from the innocent sunlight of his familiar and ordered world into the gradually darkening shadows of a physical and emotional involvement far beyond his power to cope with, is indeed a masterly job.

I feel, however, that Miss Morley's study of a boy undergoing a painful and near-tragic metamorphosis would have been a more consistently fine book if she had not chosen to overcomplicate an already sufficiently dramatic theme. The Flemings came back to Twelveoaks, a small Connecticut community and Robert's father's boyhood home, after many years' absence. There Robert met and fell violently in love with the beautiful Melissa Middleton, unhappily married, ten years his senior, and mysteriously *persona non grata* with the Flemings. His passionate and physical affair with her, his shattering disillusionment, the violent and tragic climax to a situation involving Melissa, her husband, a lover, *and* Robert, would have been enough without the addition of a family skeleton whose concealment, under the circumstances, seems hardly plausible. The memories of folk in rural communities are not so short that no one would have mentioned the fact that Melissa was in reality Robert's father's cast-off foster sister, and the background of domestic scandal is certainly one not easily kept dark. Robert's parents, though they had brooded over it for years, did not explain this to him until things had come to much too ungovernable a pass; nor did Melissa, during the whole of their relationship, say a word about it. It is a little hard to believe.

Aside from this superfluous filip to her plot, Miss Morley has written a convincing and perceptive book, in which she probes with a sure hand the conflicts, the rebellions, the raptures, and agonies of adolescence. That Robert could emerge from his ordeal without lasting scars is consistent with the well known resilience of youth.

—*M. Lasser.*

Blythe Morley "is not too far removed from that tumultuous and intense period to remember it with vividness."

Just in passing I must say that after having dealt so carefully and in such exhaustive detail with Robert's mental and emotional processes during nine-tenths of her book, Miss Morley seems to skimp a bit at the conclusion by taking him through the whole next year in one paragraph. It gives an otherwise excellent composition a slight unbalance. But perhaps this is carping at a first novel of unusual merit, one which displays so warm and real a talent that one looks forward with anticipation to its author's future work.

Hans's Jewish Julie

THIS PRECIOUS DUST. By Rita Kissin. New York: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1948. 353 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by NANCY H. MACLENNAN

THIS is a novel for our time. It is the story of a German girl who happens to be Jewish, of a Jewess trained in strictest orthodoxy who happens to be a cosmopolite at heart or instinctively a One-World citizen who happens to be physically beautiful as well, a heroine who by her very nature must pursue happiness between the pincers of the intolerance that exists in both Old World and New. It is a first novel that reveals a talent of lustrous promise.

The story concerns Julie, the high-hearted, red-haired rabbi's daughter of the picturesque old town of Obersdorf, who naively falls in love with Hans, a sophisticated, handsome Hitlerian assigned to the German Embassy in London. Theirs is a passionate love, from which Hans deliberately excludes any liaison of mind or spirit. Yet the political development of Nazism, which is the daily background of their lives together, proves to be an intellectual and spiritual poison of such potency as Julie had never dreamed: it inflicts pogroms against her neighbors, the destruction of her marriage, the loss of her family, the warping of her very soul.

When Julie escapes to America from Nazi Germany she believes that she is "coming home" to a land of freedom; but as a refugee still suffering from the profound shock of her experiences in Germany she is so sensitive to the kind of intolerance that she finds in America that she soon wonders whether her adopted homeland holds any "safety" after all. Unfortunately, the American, Peter Dawes, who becomes enamored of Julie is not above the ordinary in any

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Kinsey. *Some weeks ago* SRL *visited Dr. Alfred Kinsey at the Astor Hotel, a midtown inn popular with the convivial, his headquarters for inquiries into Gotham sex customs. We found him tired-eyed and peaked, overcome with yawns after months of fifteen-hour quiz-days—not a man for josh or chatter, but courteously interested in tabulating our "history." As indicated in the introduction to "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," he has a direct gaze, wide smile, and firm handclasp. Research will take another twenty years. (So far women show "a greater diversity" than men.) What does he hope to achieve? "Nothing . . . just accumulate the facts. I have no axe to grind, no objectives." These he leaves to others, like the symposia reviewed below.*

Tabulations and Taboos

SEX HABITS OF AMERICAN MEN. A Symposium on the Kinsey Report. Edited by Albert Deutsch. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1948. 244 *pp.* $3.

AMERICAN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR AND THE KINSEY REPORT. By Morris L. Ernst and David Loth. New York: The Greystone Press. 1948. 191 *pp.* $1.96.

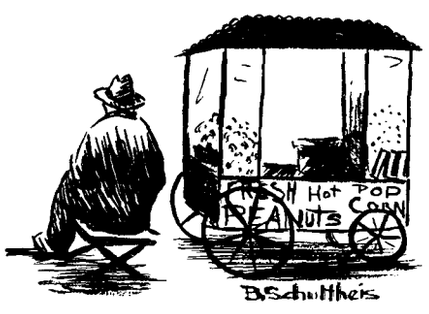
Reviewed by RAYMOND G. FULLER

HERE are two books about the Kinsey report, and they are welcome for good reasons.

"Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," by Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Clyde E. Martin, was and still is a specialized report of a piece of scientific research into the occurrence and frequency of certain acts or experiences, according to different age levels and social groups; it is primarily biological and largely statistical. Not all of those who talk about it, or have written of it, have ever really read it in the entirety of its 800 pages; otherwise, not so many would have missed so much of what the authors said in criticism and explanation of their own work. Moreover, many of its readers can hardly have had sufficient qualifications for understanding its technical, scientific, and statistical content, or they would not have been misled so far and often by certain of its startling percentages. Some apparently have seen in it a perfect orgy of sexual misbehavior from which no individual is safe, while others seem to have found extenuation of the way men do behave.

One contributor to the Deutsch symposium thinks that "the wise reader will not restrict his reading to second-hand sources but will study 'Sexual Behavior in the Human Male' for himself." This is doubtless good advice, depending somewhat, however, on whether the reader is wise enough for the task and on what is meant by "second-hand." The present reviewer recommends to the general reader that he turn to the Deutsch symposium as either a supplement or a preliminary to the reading of the Kinsey report, and suggests that it might even serve as a substitute. For in this clearly and competently written, comparatively brief volume, he will find: (1) accurate presentation of the most significant facts and figures contained in the original source, (2) correction of numerous misinterpretations and actual distortions of the findings that have gained wide circulation, and (3) discussion from varied points of view of social and ethical implications and applications that are scarcely touched upon in the report, if mentioned at all.

There is more in this symposium about the sexual problem in human life and society, on the basis of the Kinsey findings, than there is in the report itself, since there is more in this problem (which consists of many problems) than biology. As Professor Kinsey and his associates wrote, "The social values of human activities can be measured by many scales other than those which are available to the scientists." Here, at first not second hand, are evaluations of the report and its meanings for people from leaders in such fields as psychiatry, sociology, anthropology, statistics, law, probation, penology, marriage counseling, sex education, and religion. Of especial interest are the three essays on "Religious Aspects" ("A Protestant Viewpoint," "A Catholic Viewpoint," and "A Jewish Viewpoint"), and the one entitled "Significance for American Women."



Not that all the contributors are uncritical of the Kinsey report, but none expresses hostility. The general attitude is that it will do good. Not fearing the truth, what they seek is the whole truth and they want the most help they can get from the Kinsey report. Nor are they all of one mind, for there are many conflicts of opinion and response even as to the same agreed matters of fact. To illustrate the divergency, one contributor is seemingly pleased that "eighty-five per cent of the total sexual outlet of married males is confined to their wives," while another puts it this way: "Marital intercourse provides *only* eighty-five per cent of the total sexual outlet of the married population." (Italics supplied.)

The book by Messrs. Ernst and Loth is dedicated "To a people who, not under a dictatorship, can still work out their own salvation by the free spread of knowledge" and to the authors of the Kinsey report, "who have enriched the marketplace of thought." Their emphasis is strongly on the liberating effect of knowledge and on this new opportunity "to study behavior so that it can be elevated nearer to the ideal, not to remodel the ideal to the pattern of behavior." The discussion covers a wide range, including the need of amendment of the law to make it stronger, not weaker, through more realism and intelligence in dealing with such matters as divorce. "But of course the solution of the divorce problem does not lie in the courts or the law at all. It rests upon our success in clarifying and stabilizing the important issues of the home and family in our society." Attention is paid to sex and obscenity in literature and the movies, and to censorship. The subject of one chapter is birth control.

This book begins: "The Kinsey report has done for sex what Columbus did for geography." Which would seem to imply that Kinsey discovered sex, an impression the authors correct in the next sentence by referring to Columbus as an explorer. The distinction between discovery and exploration is rather important. America was here before Columbus, and sex before Kinsey (indeed, before Freud). It is the Kinsey exploration that has now been discovered, and these two books about it are further explorations into adjacent territories.

A practising sociologist, Raymond G. Fuller has been the research director for welfare programs in Connecticut, Ohio, and New Hampshire.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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To the Class of '48

NO ONE has to tell you that much of the ground has slipped away on which the world had hoped only three years ago to build a sound and enduring peace. No one has to tell you that the small and very precious ground yet remaining will be used up completely if present world tensions continue to mount and multiply as they have in recent months.

And so, we ask ourselves: How did all this come about? What about the United Nations? Why should we now be faced with the very emergencies that the United Nations was designed to prevent?

Today, after having traveled for almost three years on the road from San Francisco, it is not too soon to measure our progress, to see where we are, and, more importantly, to see where we are going. The time has come to take a good, long, hard look at the United Nations as it stands today.

The time has come to take a general inventory of accomplishments and failures, strength and weakness.

The time has come to face up to whatever that inventory reveals and requires.

The time has come to make it possible for all peoples — all peoples everywhere — to rekindle their faith in the promise of the United Nations.

The time has come to justify that faith.

* * *

If we wonder why it is that the United Nations has so far been unable to carry out its original purposes, we have only to consider these three obstacles:

(1) The United Nations lacked the necessary authority to deal so early in its development with major emergencies.

(2) The United Nations lacked the machinery of enforcement to carry out its decisions.

(3) The Unanimity Principle of the Security Council blocked effective action by the very agency set up to enforce the peace.

Under the circumstances, the United States found itself forced into the role of an emergency fire department, rushing here and there around the world to do what it could to stamp out early flames before they became a general conflagration.

There is no point in fooling ourselves. No one nation can be expected to prevent or put out all the fires indefinitely. Nor can one nation be expected to minister to the world's ills indefinitely, or act as a policeman indefinitely.

In the long run, the health and well-being of the world will best be served by common action—by a pooling not only of material resources but of the much deeper and richer spiritual resources. Such common action can and must be developed within a revitalized United Nations. For three years we have protected and sheltered the organization through its infancy and growing pains. We have kept from it many of the burdensome issues under whose weight the organization might have collapsed.

But we can postpone the coming-of-age no longer. If we want the United Nations to do a man-sized job of keeping the peace, we shall have to give it more than boy-sized authority. The United Nations must become the heart, soul, and body of world law, with legs and arms to carry it where it has to go to protect the peace and enforce the peace. That is why it is imperative that the United States propose a review conference of the United Nations under Article 109 of the Charter.

Nations today, large and small, are insecure. In the absence of a world organization with sufficient powers to insure their safety, they find it necessary to embark understandably on vast military programs. And since almost every portion of the globe is strategically important for military reasons, the nations are inevitably competing with each other to control —militarily or politically or both—as much of the surface of the earth as possible.

Therefore, the initial job of such a review conference would be to find out what type of strengthening of the United Nations would be essential before member nations would feel secure enough both to call a moratorium on militarism and to relinquish control of external areas.

As part of such a discussion, it is to be hoped that the United States would emphasize that a strengthened United Nations means adequate powers to make, enforce, and maintain world law. It is to be hoped that we would make clear our willingness to be part of such a strengthened UN. For only if the United Nations has these adequate powers should we ourselves be willing to modify or halt our program of military preparedness. We want to be certain that any disarmament program will not be a one-way street traveled by most of the nations in the thought that it is the true road to peace while other nations are speeding down a secret highway to surprise aggression.

The problem, then, is twofold:

(1) Provide for a police force with adequate powers to stop aggressions or violation of world law anywhere in the world.

(2) Draw up a time-table for the creation and building-up of the police force in such a way that no nation will be without means of insuring its safety until the United Nations forces are adequate.

The new warfare, with its many new weapons of mass destruction, must be brought under control. We are referring not only to atomic weapons but to all the fantastic new killers that have been or can be developed in the world's laboratories.

BUT control requires power. This power must be carefully defined and screened so that it will be responsible at all times. The United States should be opposed to any attempt to invest the United Nations with a large police force unless that force is made responsible by operating out of the institutions of law. World law must be enacted with the utmost care, and all questions of possible violations brought before a world court.

Against such a background, the police force could more properly be called a "peace force."

Another point America might submit to a review conference is that the peace of the world is too important to be removed from the individual. At Nuremberg, the United Nations established the principle of individual guilt. For nations are only aggregations of individuals. Nations do not make war. Only individuals can make war. But the United States should be opposed to any extension of world law bearing upon the individual except for those cases clearly affecting the common security. The secret manufacture of outlawed weapons, for example, would constitute a threat to the common security of the peoples of the world. No nation

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Appointment on the Hill"

SIR: Lilian T. Mowrer, an intriguing woman, reviewed "Appointment on the Hill," by Dorothy Detzer, a "gallant woman" [*SRL* May 8]. I am seldom inclined to write letters disagreeing with a critic but in this case I feel that the controversy should not rest between two women, the issue on which the review went off. I certainly don't want anybody to infer from this letter that I am against women or that I agree thoroughly either with Mowrer or Detzer. I want to make clear that even women have a right to differ but I want to record that I think "Appointment on the Hill" is an interesting and honest document of material value and entertainment.

MORRIS L. ERNST.

New York, N. Y.

Before Kinsey—Lies!

SIR: Your discussion of Dr. Alfred Kinsey's "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male" [*SRL* May 8] is intelligent and constructive. Until Dr. Kinsey's book became available I had never heard a single word of truth spoken or being written.

You will please all who think by encouraging the perusal of Dr. Kinsey's book and by all means Dr. Kinsey should be persuaded to continue his labors.

SCOTLAND G. HIGHLAND.

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Edman on Trial

SIR: I have never seen from the pen of a man of such alleged erudition as Irwin Edman such a revelation of bigotry and abysmal ignorance as in his review of "Civilization on Trial" [*SRL* May 1]. One would think that a man could not be both a scholar and a Christian. He seems to assume that a man could only be an enthusiastic Christian if he had no knowledge of other religions and that any investigation into such fields would reduce him to a very mild enthusiasm for his own faith; very mild indeed. The professor, poor man, has never heard of the learned and frightening Orientalists in the Roman Catholic Communion?

Certainly the Christian religion has a primacy among religions to its own believers. Any person who can read and write would concede that, were its lofty precepts and stern moral code adhered to, it would have long since accomplished the conversion of even such fancy pagans as Professor Edman. I have read Spinoza, John Dewey, and Santayana and they all seem to be about as full of balderdash as Edman. Fugitives from a system of thought to which they owe much and which, forswearing, they cannot concede any virtue to.

Who ever heard of speaking of moral values and not including the supernatural? Moral values are supernatural; the very word spiritual, of the spirit, connotes the supernatural, for who can see the spirit? We can but perceive it.

For sweet charity's sake, someone should buy the professor a year's subscription to Fordham's *Thought*. Among those pages he might find some example of the tolerance characteristic of the true scholar. At one time I numbered some of his devotees among my acquaintance; wherever they are, they should be hanging their heads.

ELIZABETH G. LAMB.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I declare that this land is now part of the United States, and that the time is one hour later—I mean one hour earlier—I mean, well, if it's seven o'clock here, then it's . . ."

SIR: The level of criticism to which Mrs. Lamb rises is exemplified by her opening sentence. In apparent confusion as to who is bigoted and ignorant, she says, "I have read Spinoza, John Dewey, and Santayana, and they all seem to be about as full of balderdash as Edman." I should almost be tempted to settle for that!

But full of fury as is Mrs. Lamb's letter (and fury is not a substitute for analysis), it makes precisely the assumptions which Mr. Toynbee seemed to me to be making in his conclusions about history and civilization. "Who ever heard of speaking of moral values and not including the supernatural?" I did, and I constantly do, and so do the readers of Aristotle's "Ethics" (a book, I believe, greatly admired at Fordham), and of Spinoza, Dewey, Mill, and Santayana. "Moral values," says Miss Lamb, "are supernatural." That is precisely the question which cannot be, "for sweet charity's sake" —not to add for sweet logic's and for sweet truth's sake—so smugly assumed. Matter generates spiritual values as the soil nourishes and sustains trees and flowers, as the candle burns into flame. Spiritual values are those ends to which life tends and in which too fitfully it culminates. To insist that spirit exists in the way in which matter exists is simply to assume a second-story material world.

I cannot undertake to argue the whole issue of the secular versus the religious in this brief space. But I can reiterate that there is a serious case, argued by very serious and competent thinkers, like Spinoza, Dewey, and Santayana, that moral values are possible on a secular basis, nay even spiritual values, and that there are other and more plausible ways of reading the meaning of history than in the narrow, recent terms of the Christian story or the Christian metaphysics. I was questioning what seemed to me Mr. Toynbee's imposition of Christian assumptions on his analysis of the meaning of history. I still do.

I am glad my "devotees" have scampered out of Mrs. Lamb's orbit. They wouldn't be safe or happy in it.

IRWIN EDMAN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Religion is not a matter of demonstrable proof any more than the tenets of naturalism, dialectical materialism, or humanism. They are accepted by the believer. They never are the product of experiment. Any system of philosophy, religious or otherwise, is only logical within its own framework. Comparison between systems should be made only in reference to tenets accepted or conclusions justified by its own dogmas. Professor Edman was right in his analysis of Toynbee, but the criticism could have been just as destructive if made from the traditional Christian position. The same thing happened several months ago in connection with the review of C. S. Lewis's book on "Miracles" [*SRL* Jan. 31].

(FATHER) WILLIAM JOHN SHANE.

Delhi, N. Y.

Coleridge Letters

SIR: With the kind consent and cooperation of the Coleridge family in England, I am preparing an edition of the complete correspondence of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. I shall be grateful for any information concerning the whereabouts of Coleridge letters.

EARL LESLIE GRIGGS.

Department of English,
University of California,
Los Angeles 24, Calif.

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Ideas and Studies.

"Tool-using man," a pithily descriptive term borrowed from the anthropologists, is employed increasingly today by historians interested in the technological development of man. The ability to grasp the idea of the tool as well as the tool itself differentiated man from the beasts, widened his control of his environment, and led to the modern industrial age. Inventions have been the key to this development. Roger Burlingame, who reviews Giedion's technological history below, is himself an authority on American inventions. But technical advance has in its heedless march threatened the world's resources. Fairfield Osborn's "Our Plundered Planet," reviewed below, and William Vogt's forthcoming "The Road to Survival" are two important books on conservation. Russell Lord, distinguished authority on the land, is at present at work on an essay-review of the latter for SRL.

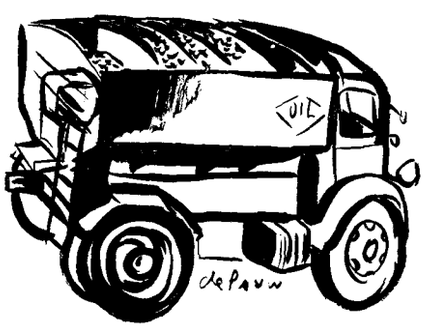
Humble Objects that Shook Our Lives

MECHANIZATION TAKES COMMAND. By Siegfried Giedion. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 743 *pp.* $12.50.

Reviewed by ROGER BURLINGAME

THE NEED for Dr. Giedion's kind of book increases its pressure with every new year. In the United States, where mechanization has leapt ahead of human and social capacity to absorb it the book engenders the sort of thinking which social scientists must apply to the lag. Its approach is the only rational one—though the one most conspicuously ignored in America—through historical analysis, and always "from the human standpoint." Following this with a rare skill in primary-source research, Dr. Giedion has assembled an array of forgotten facts which will facilitate the work of all his successors.

The movement of mechanization toward its culmination to date in mass production finds its late direction in the United States. "The assembly line is an American institution," and the American scene dominates Dr. Giedion's book. Perhaps it is the perspective of a Swiss professor of art and design which makes its presentation here so successful. The international historical background is never forgotten. The author is constantly aware—in methods of agriculture, for instance; in food processing, furniture design, plumbing, the use of automatons in magic and worship—of the movement of human desire and social mood as far back as the Egyptian and Hellenic civilizations. "Our task," the author explains in his introduction, "is clearly outlined: to inquire how our contemporary life, with its mixture of constituent and chaotic elements came about."



The treatment is horizontal; the history is divided into subjects and each studied from its social origins to its integration in a mechanized world. The intent is to give "the panoramic and simultaneous view." The method leads to difficulties of arrangement, to some repetition, and to connections which, at times, seem tenuous, yet given the mass of material with which the author has dealt it is hard to see how it could have been otherwise managed. The author may be criticized for his distribution of emphasis. Many Americans would like to see some of the space devoted to furniture and the bath given instead to machine tools, mass production of machines, and some of the fascinating developments in the fabrication of glass and the metals.

The author, however, states a specific motive behind his "typology"—to keep his subjects close to basic human needs, to write of "the humble objects" which "have shaken our mode of living to its very roots." Thus, after some chapters on the broad social and technical bases of mechanization, he passes to the impact of the machine upon "the organic," showing how the soil has been made to feed a multiplying population with diversified interests and environment. Thence he explores the mysteries of bread-making from the rotating Roman dough-kneaders to fully automatic line production, and traces the public attitude through each phase. To this reader the most engrossing chapter is that on mechanized meat production. Here mechanization must deal first with a live, self-willed, and recalcitrant animal and, second, with a variety of irregular carcasses of skin, flesh, bones, and blood—extremely sensitive to decay. Yet, of this second phase "it was through the whole method behind this process that the assembly line came about." At the end of this section, speaking of mechanized slaughter, the author reflects upon the machine age's attitude of "neutrality toward death" perhaps expressed when "whole populations, as defenseless as the animals . . . were obliterated with trained neutrality."

The extensive section "Mechanization Encounters Human Surroundings" deals almost entirely with furniture, from medieval stools to dentist's chairs and Pullman berths. Much of it seems to belong in some other book. Then comes household mechanization with the evolution of kitchen, laundry, and cleaning devices synchronized with the disappearance of domestic service. The chapter on the bath, ending in the American plumbing fetish, is valuable in its treatment of philosophic concepts though it sacrifices no physical description.

The author's belief that "the historian cannot dispense with the microscope" has led to an abundance of detail rarely paralleled in single-handed research. He calls his book "anonymous history" though he brings to life more forgotten names than any single record of invention this reader has encountered. His documentation is almost entirely from primary sources. Meeting the astonishing dearth of American material, he searched the Patent Office, obscure contemporary periodicals, and all the remote folklore of industry.

The more than seven hundred pages of this book contain 501 clear, integrated, and often beautiful illustrations. The special paper needed for their reproduction makes the volume expensive but permanent. It is not, however, designed for casual reading.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Keats. 2. Rossetti. 3. Coleridge. 4. Masefield. 5. Byron. 6. Kipling. 7. Arnold. 8. Spenser. 9. Goldsmith. 10. Shakespeare. 11. Meredith. 12. Pope. 13. Tennyson. 14. Browning. 15. Shelley. 16. Wordsworth. 17. Brooke. 18. Scott. 19. Milton. 20. Marlowe. 21. Stevenson. 22. Chaucer. 23. Housman. 24. Swinburne. 25. Fitzgerald.

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The Entrepreneur and the Chemist

MANAGERIAL ENTERPRISE: Its Growth and Methods of Operation. By Oswald Knauth. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1948. 224 pp. $3.

THE GENIUS OF INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH. By D. H. Killeffer. New York: Reinhold Publishing Corp. 1948. 263 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT R. NORTHRUP

THESE books are additions to the growing literature on the role of business management and the place of business in the continuing development of our civilization. Here, however, the similarity between them ends. Mr. Knauth's contribution is a popularization, or at least, simplification of the role of the business manager, or entrepreneur, whereas Mr. Killeffer attempts by detailed illustrations to describe and to analyze the principles of industrial research.

Oswald Knauth has had a long and varied career in business, teaching, and writing, specializing in industrial economics. His book is largely based on the pioneer work of Berle and Means on the place of the minority-managed corporation in American life. Mr. Knauth gives special attention to the role of the corporate executive. His findings and descriptions have been duly sweetened to soothe the palates of businessmen—particularly business managers. Throughout, one encounters such generalizations as, "[managerial enterprise is] primarily governed by long-range policies rather than by opportunism or a desire for the last cent of profit." Or

> Collectivism is a feature of such government services as the Post Office, the Tennessee Valley Authority, and many activities of the Department of Agriculture. It is also a dominating characteristic of those industries which are generally recognized as monopolies and as such are regulated or controlled by the state; for instance, railroads . . . municipal transportation and telephone and telegraph companies. . . . The chief characteristics of this collectivism are continuity of service and the determination of prices by a competent authority in the public interest. Tasks are laid out for employees, their hours of work and rates of pay are governed by mass regulations, and their security of tenure and pension is usually at a maximum. In return, fidelity, avoidance of error and obedience are demanded, and certainly at the lower levels, initiative is not encouraged and may be dangerous. These circumstances, of course, are not absolute but vary from institution to institution and from time to time.

Yet it must be noted that Mr. Knauth makes a considerable effort to be fair to various interests and to serve his business-manager audience (the book is an Executive's Book Club selection) something besides dessert. There is no small attempt to point out the pitfalls of the tremendous power which accrues to modern business management in the government of corporations, which in the zeal of many to point up similar shortcomings in labor unions, have been assiduously ignored. One puts down this book with the hope that the busy men for whom it is intended may stop to ponder at the examples of bad or anti-social corporate management which this friend of business feels compelled to point out.

The theme of Mr. Killeffer's book is succinctly stated by the title of his first chapter: "Industrial Research Is Methodical." After an analysis of method, Mr. Killeffer goes on to discuss various types of research, *e.g.*, process research, product research, and equipment research, the methods utilized in each, and a general evaluation of research. The two final chapters contain a rather weak discussion of patents and a general summary of his ideas.

Mr. Killeffer is apparently an industrial chemist (no definite information is given), since the work is concerned almost exclusively with this field. Throughout, copious quotations from the great are featured. Indeed, one almost feels that the book is composed of quotations with the author's comments sprinkled amongst them. He describes at length by this method the research techniques which produced high-octane gasoline; the gas-filled tungsten-filament electric lamp; celluloid; synthetic rubber, and many others. Since the accounts of the discoveries are presented primarily by quotations from the original presentations of the discoverer, which were usually addressed to a technical gathering, the book is not one that can be readily understood by those not having some training in chemical research. Hence the title is misleading. It might well have read instead: "The Genius of Industrial *Chemical* Research."

Deflowering the Earth

OUR PLUNDERED PLANET. By Fairfield Osborn. New York: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 217 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by RUSSELL LORD

HERE is a quietly eloquent and frightening reinterpretation of a theme as old as history. "The waters wear the stones," sang Job. "Thou washest away the things that grow out of the dust of the earth and thou destroyest the hope of man." And, later, St. Cyprian to the Romans:

> The world itself now bears witness to its failing powers. There is not so much rain in the winter for fertilizing the seeds, nor in the summer is there so much warmth for ripening them, . . . nor is the autumn so rich in fruit. Less marble is quarried from the exhausted mountains; . . . the mines are worked out; . . . the farmer is failing and disappearing from the fields. This is God's judgment on the world.

In our own time, and within the past decade especially, many another good and earnest writer has given forth like lamentation and warning, book-length. I think, offhand, of Stuart Chase's "Rich Land, Poor Land"; of Paul B. Sears's magnificent "Deserts on the March," recently revised and reprinted; of the English "Rape of the Earth," by G. V. Jacks and R. O. Whyte, republished in this country as "Vanishing Lands." The central theme of all these works is identical: Man, a creature of the earth, having made war from the first against the natural fertility of earth's living soil and waters, becomes at length aware of "failing powers." Civilization becomes, in Sears's tart phrase, "a disease of the environment." But this, in the modern view, while sinful, is no judgment of God. It is man's own doing; a defiant flouting of the natural order, which can and must be amended if civilization, or indeed the human race, is to remain fertile and survive.

The time of civilized man, Dr. Osborn estimates, is barely one per cent of the whole span of human occupancy on this planet; yet in that short time tool-using man has become himself a major geological force, working ever at an increasing tempo to render the planet unfit to inhabit. Sombrely

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Osborn exhibits great stretches of the earth "dead, or dying, at the hand of man." Such deadly and continuous "conflict with nature," he says, "contains potentialities of ultimate disaster greater even than would follow the misuse of atomic power."

Our soils, misused, greedily manhandled, already have come to a point where the earth as a whole can barely sustain the mass of its some two billion human passengers. What of the increasing load? There are 175,000 newborn daily. Since the seventeenth century world population has increased fivefold; and current rates of increase "promise to double the present population in another century. Shades of Dr. Malthus! He was not far wrong."

We permit erosion, moreover, to carry the best of our topsoil into the sea. We permit, by the processes of modern distribution and sanitation, a further steady drain of animal tissue and wastes and other organic material to cities and disposal plants, "never to return to the earth of its origin."

All this waste represents, in the last analysis, a drain on the make-up of successive generations of mankind. "The relationship between land health and the health of human beings is actually no more than another aspect of the delicate and complex relationship of all life."

The great thing about this book is that the author, speaking always softly, and with a due reverence and dignity, links mesh with mesh into a presentation of the entire eternal fabric. He makes plain the facts of life to people who have long since forgotten, if they ever knew, the damaged and threatened sources of their being.

As for the repair job, now magnificently started at the groundline and waterline of this North American continent in particular, "Our Plundered Planet" barely mentions it. But that is really the theme for another brave book.

Squaring the Economic Circle

—*Blackstone Studios.*

John Maurice Clark: ". . . social life has burst the compartments of the conventional academic containers."

ALTERNATIVE TO SERFDOM. By John Maurice Clark. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1948. 153 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. LYND

CONTEMPORARY living is a group process for which economic principles and policies based on individualism are ill-adapted. None of us is enchanted by the present prospect of organized power blocs slugging it out for partisan ends. "In too many everyday matters," as the author of the present book remarks, "a man is a member of some economic group first and an American afterwards." "One wonders if a people ever before faced the task of building a code of social conduct, and the spiritual basis on which it must rest, with so little willingness to accept leadership or authority except in matters of group interest that conflict with the interests of other groups." Accordingly, a major problem we face is to state and to build into our American society the conditions of socially responsible behavior.

That is the concern of Professor Clark's book. He has a multi-dimensional mind, and he has made all of us his students; for he is an economist who "believes that the subject-matter of social life has burst the compartments of the conventional academic containers." In approaching the problem of socially responsible behavior he discusses what we modern men want of our society, the potentialities and limitations of human behavior as we now understand it, the conflicting values in the concepts of competition and security, and the new dilemmas inescapably placed before us by Keynesian theory.

There is so much that is right about this book, which the reader will garner for himself, that this review will concern itself with the weakness that cuts it down from clearing the barrier and leaves it in the category of just another statement of our dilemma, with its positive proposals largely based on unfounded hopes.

Although he sees the fact of group action, Professor Clark lacks a dynamic theory of group membership and action. The groups of which he speaks are treated as though they were voluntary associations; and he hopes to get from these a "balanced society." He does not confront the primary massive grouping of our society into classes and the inescapable antagonisms and coercions this involves, as pointed out, for instance, in Tawney's "Equality." Failing to visualize these coercions, he pleads for "reasonableness," "responsibility," "an organized community back of the State," and "building a community out of [present] conflicting groups" that will "maintain flexibility." But those are precisely the things that class stratification exists to prevent, for class is founded on the arbitrary maintenance of privilege. Professor Clark hopes wistfully that "if people start considering the rights of others as a matter of pure policy, they may acquire a spontaneous interest in acting reasonably." That is, I fear, sheer moonshine!

In other words, even so perceptive an economist as Professor Clark lacks any realistic awareness of the dynamics of power in our type of society. He writes as though classes can turn on and off their use of power like a spiggot. Nor does he sense the pressure of modern industrialism towards what is coming to be called "mass society," in which the spontaneous linkages among the little people who compose most of society are

Puritan Pattern

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

THEIRS was a stubborn faith, hard-cornered, yet
Exact and stern to truth—all life to them
Was geometric, line and angle set
Unchangeable, and proved the theorem.
We who see grays between the light and dark,
Remembering how gracious truth may be—
The circle, and the parabolic arc
Swinging forever through infinity—
Shake rueful heads and find our fathers strange,
And fling their close-sealed windows to wide air;
Yet know those windows will not warp or change
Or settle out of plumb; they made them square.

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shattered and replaced by controls from above. In this era of mounting monopoly he wants the market "made a better mechanism," and he expresses elsewhere hopes in such devices as "codes of ethics." Big business does not worry him as much as organized labor. Labor "is no longer the underdog" and its "future security is in its own hands." On the other hand, the worst of big business monopoly, when it "went through a stage of lusty buccaneering," is apparently viewed as in the past. Recurrently one runs across sentences such as, "A free society depends on our finding some workable answer to this dilemma." But our most difficult dilemmas today concern the structure of power headed by big business, and these are apparently not susceptible to "reasonable" solution.

If one seeks to state the conditions of socially responsible behavior in democratic society, one must march boldly at things like the following: a society of equal opportunity, in fact and not only in name; one in which the whole society is recognized as interdependent and is not segmented along lines of class interest; a society which finds itself in mutual movement towards large, evocative, positive collective goals, and not in terms of static "balance"; and in which all men find constructive and respected roles and can believe in themselves because they believe in the social endeavor in which they participate. But things like these are debarred *ab initio* from a class-stratified society. Men cannot in such a society "trust each other" or "command willing cooperation," as Professor Clark says men must.

The author has not, I believe, faced the positive potentialities of collective social action. His unhappy title, employing the violent current invective "serfdom," caricatures the true nature of the alternative to his timidly suggested course. His imagination simply goes dead before collectivism. We are told that it is "not a live issue for us today" and "the people want their jobs in an economy of private enterprise" (which a recent opinion poll showing a large percentage wanting government jobs challenges); and he shudders at the possibility that "we might drift into collectivism by default." So he confines his focus to "using the agencies that exist and trying to make them work together."

A note in the London *New Statesman and Nation* on the occasion of Keynes's death remarked that Keynes was an optimist who always hoped that businessmen would do that which they did not in fact do. I am afraid that remark applies to Professor Clark.

NEW EDITIONS

PRINTING from the plates of the New York Edition of the "Novels and Tales of Henry James" (1908), Macmillan has put "The Princess Casamissima" into two most attractive, compact volumes, neatly boxed ($6). The publishers have also made a valuable addition to the original, in the shape of a long introduction by Lionel Trilling.

This novel, which has been comparatively little read, exhibits powers of which James chose to make scant use. It incorporates an amount of bone, blood, and sinew that one does not find in the author's more famous works. The atmosphere of Lomax Place, whence the story rises, is dense with reality; yet James manages to create his lowly scene without any of that piling up of vulgar detail which is the standard practice of the naturalistic school. The people of the Place who figure in the action are all roundly realized; Millicent Henning, indeed, possesses the same kind and degree of vitality as Shaw's Eliza Doolittle. And, outside the Place, the Poupins are substantial figures, as are Lady Aurora and Madame Grandoni. The sights, smells, and sounds of London are made sensible; of a London plagued by unemployment and unrest, where "the deep perpetual groan of misery seemed to swell and swell and form the whole undertone of life." The initial pull of the story is great, and it rapidly gathers momentum, as young Hyacinth is caught up into the orbit of the princess. And yet, although it remains interesting, because an artist has too deeply involved us with his characters for us ever to be indifferent to them, the novel is, I think, a partial failure. The figure of the princess becomes ever vaguer as the pages pass; Paul Muniment, so promising, shrinks in stature; the crucial struggle in the breast of the revolutionary hero lacks intensity—he seems to drift towards his end; and, to sum up, the story is most languid just when it should be most compelling.

Mr. Trilling does not agree; and I recommend his intelligent, persuasive arguments for the defense. Yet I cannot help thinking that, in his exegesis, he has realized James's intention rather better than did the novelist himself.

Back in 1941, E. B. White and K. S. White editorially filled a rich volume called "A Subtreasury of American Humor." This has now been added to the stalwart row of Modern Library Giants ($2.45), and it is a fine addition. The Whites, taking a broad view of their subject, included not only pieces written for humor's sake alone, but also some that are humorous by the way, in performance of other duties than that of merely being funny. So we have such things as Mark Twain's double-barreled blast against James Fenimore Cooper's fiction, Dorothy Parker's destruction of a Cosmo Hamilton novel, three letters from Benjamin Franklin to Mme. Helvetius, and the first chapter of "Babbitt," as well as top-quality work by almost every American humorist of whom you can think. There is, of course, a heavy thunder of hoofs from *The New Yorker* stable; but this is as it should be, since much of our best humor of the past two decades has been for, of, and by that magazine.

Clarence Day is properly represented in the "Subtreasury," but he may be read at length in "The Best of Clarence Day" (Knopf, $3.75), which includes not only the "Father" and "Mother" embryo-classics, and "This Simian World," but also "Thoughts Without Words," admired by the Whites. "So we run about, busy and active, marooned on this star," wrote Day, "always violently struggling, yet with no clearly seen goal before us." Humor was his successful defense against man's folly, but he was spared, by his death in 1935, from reading some of the darkest pages of the human record.

Like the Whites, Edward Wagenknecht, compiler of "The Fireside Book of Romance" (Bobbs-Merrill, $4), casts a wide net. His category of "romance" is generous enough to embrace, among many items, Chaucer's "Wife of Bath's Tale," V. Sackville-West's sentimental anecdote, "Thirty Clocks Strike the Hour," Virginia Woolf's "The Mark on the Wall," Coppard's "The Cherry Tree," Maugham's second-rate "Mr. Know-All," and such stand-bys as "The Sire de Maletroit's Door" and "A Municipal Report." This anthology holds much entertaining reading; preceded, one must add, by an introduction that is both undistinguished and untidy. . . . Add Grosset reprints ($1)— "The Butterfly" by James M. Cain, superfluously labeled "a novel of primitive passion." BEN RAY REDMAN.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 16)

quality of personal imagination or political vision that could have inspired a sense of victory or even serenity in Julie. Indeed there are such still-life, cardboard, and contradictory aspects to the portrait of Peter as a kindly bourgeois, that he scarcely seems to come to life.

In Julie, the author suggests a spirit altogether beyond the narrow frame of this novel: a Jewess natively partial towards Judaism and forever proud of her birthright, yet broadminded enough to see the good in other religious systems, even to find ideologically their common meeting-ground, and curious enough as a thinking being to pass gracefully if without passion or self-identification from one social milieu to another. She is a loyal Jewess who yet could recognize and repudiate the "clannishness" in orthodoxy, the loving daughter of a patriarchial Rabbi who yet could see he was "a saint in all except forgiveness." High in the Bavarian Alps one day, Julie and Hans momentarily mixed politics with romance. And in that moment, Julie's universalness, if it might be called that, stood out against Hans's Nazism as clear as edelweiss. With the young Hitlerian who loved his Nietzsche and his sense of power, Julie really shared only a tremendous zest and eagerness for living. Her credo might be summarized thus: 'Tis good to live, 'tis better yet to feel alive, 'tis best of all to *let live*. It is a major fault of the novel that among the main characters there is not one gentile of goodness and mercy who, like Julie, knows no intolerance. This omission destroys the balance of the story and weakens the theme of prejudice.

Miss Kissin's writing shows an excellent understanding of psychology, particularly emotional reflexes. Her prose style is simple and facile, but while it expresses sensitivity and power, it never loses an obvious burden of triteness and sentimentality.

It is a book for our time, a work pregnant with social ideas of importance for civilization. Through her ripe characterizations, painted perhaps with too obvious a use of the colors of good and evil, the writer gives much insight into the psychological business of how different creeds and races and nationalities can live together in peace.

Correction

The price of "The Making of An Insurgent" was erroneously given as $3.50 [*SRL* May 15] instead of $2.75.

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Crisis at "Land's End"

THE INVADERS. By Waldo Frank. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 240 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by EDMUND FULLER

IT IS fortunate that the publishers have told us, in the jacket blurb of this book, what its thesis is supposed to be, for it is almost impossible to find any intelligible clue to it in the text. This thesis, we are told, is that "the elements of our civilization which have led to the atom bomb are active in the intimate lives of every man and woman of the American world."

Now this is a fine—even a noble—thesis; a challenge to any novelist. But what on earth this hodge-podge has to do with it is hard to guess.

Mark Ferry is "world famous"; for exactly what we are never told, but he is clearly a mighty deep thinker. He does his thinking in seclusion at "Land's End," surrounded by his wife, Bianca, their infant son, and a woman of uncertain characterization who nurses a tragic, frustrated love for him which at any rate is the most ennobling thing in her life.

Over the radio comes word that an atom bomb has burst over New York City. The treatment of this bomb and Mr. Frank's conceptions of what the general aftermath of such an event would be are utterly inept. He is barely able to keep his mind on the bomb and its vague effects while engrossed in the heavily symbolic ballet of his characters.

The bomb causes Mark's former wife Mara, their seventeen-year-old twins, Rayard and Beth, and a camp follower of Mara's to turn up at Mark's house. It also brings Clare Locke, a Communist ex-GI who has a bad job of plastic surgery in place of a face. He and Bianca had had a brief, chaste, wartime romance.

Mara is a warped and thoroughly poisonous personality. Bianca wants her sent away. Mark seems to feel that the future of civilization depends on keeping her there and replacing her bitterness with a "decent relationship." Before he gets through "meeting the crisis in the light of his deepest vision" his daughter Beth has given herself to Locke and then proceeded to drown herself. Bayard has gone slightly crazy. Mara has gone completely crazy and murdered the infant son of Mark and Bianca. Locke has decided to carry off the grief-crushed Bianca and then abruptly changed his mind. In a closing scene of utter confusion Mark is thoughtfully determining that, "What he had done to them all must not have been in vain." From this, the publishers promise us, "the reader will discover spiritual release, like the catharsis of the Greeks—and perhaps the vision of a Way."

At one point a radio commentator explains the nature of the atom bomb that has laid waste New York: "A certain element that must not be named, present in limitless quantities in a certain edible vegetable that must not be named, but that . . . is much used in preparation of a soup called borscht, is known to be fissionable after being processed by a certain secret method."

Unfortunately, Mr. Frank's bomb, his thesis, and his book do not add up —not even to a good borscht.

Pawns of Fate

EIGHT FOR ETERNITY. By Cecil Roberts. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 273 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HORACE REYNOLDS

FROM Boccaccio and Chaucer downward, writers have reached out to the devices of fate which link together the lives of men and women. A pilgrimage, a life boat, a house party, a plane trip—these and their like bring together for a time some of the moving specks of humanity, freeze a casual group into a scene, which accident or death can make dramatic. Out of such a fortuitous freezing of men into place, Cecil Roberts, the English author of "Victoria 4:30," has made the pattern of his new novel.

It is, consequently, the short stories of several persons, of eight main characters, one of whom is not present at the moment of accidental convergence, which provides the surprise ending. At that meeting his place is taken by another. These main characters are all men, of various races and social backgrounds, six Englishmen, a Pole, and a Hindu. Women enter their lives to become minor characters in the book. Two English gentlemen marry girls like themselves, of ancient blood but small fortune. Other women turn a third English gentleman from a professional soldier into a monk. Stanislas Morowski, the Pole, owes his translation from Poland to Paris and America to predatory women of wealth. Another predatory rich American woman gives the London shopkeeper's son turned gentleman the frustration which causes him to quarrel with his benefactor. Of the many minor characters who assist the action, the French bigamist dentist, with whom Stanislas Morowski roams the fairs of the South of France, is certainly one of Mr Roberts's triumphs. This seedy dentist, who called himself Professor Audubon, could talk the teeth out of the mouths of his hypnotised patients. While he made his pitch, Stanislas played the fiddle to attract trade. Like our patent medicine salesmen, the professor was an engaging mixture of rogue and wasted genius, an amiable and piquant discord in the symphony of life.

"Eight for Eternity" is also the story of a place, the Italian valley of the River Liri, near the great medieval Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassino. Here eventually arrive all the main characters after their various whirls around Europe, America, and Asia. Here in the campaign which eventually resulted in the complete destruction of the fourteen - hundred - year - old monastery, British, American, French, Polish, and Nepalese troops fought the strongly-intrenched Germans. Hither the Americans brought their fondness for grotesque place-names. In the grim gallows humor of war the GI's dubbed their paths of death Tin Can Alley, Dead Mule Gulch, and Delirium Tremens. Here the Gurka burial plots dotted the hillside, at the head of each grave a helmet, at its feet a tiny pair of boots.

Mr. Roberts's imagination plays only on the surfaces of thought and feeling. His book is consequently all exterior strangeness and glitter, a sensationalism which extends to the final scene of theatrical mysticism. Much happens to the bodies and minds of his characters, but none of it really touches their inner lives: their personalities are not fed by their experiences. There is no connection between what they do and say and what they are. They do not *become;*

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they are not molded by experience. From the beginning they are what they are, puppets pulled hither and yon over a world at war by the strings in their author's hands. In other words, "Eight for Eternity" offers conventional excitement only, nothing individual enough to deepen the reader's knowledge and understanding of life.

Trionia & Ballynabun

THE ROARING DOVE. By Susan Kerby. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1948. 260 *pp.* $3.

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN. By Guy and Constance Jones. New York: Random House. 1948. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by REX LARDNER

THE NUMBER of visionaries who, at one time or another, have tried their hand at making conjectures as to what life will be like in the future is, at a rough estimate, three or four short of legion. Some of the predictions are, of course, uncannily accurate: H. G. Wells foresaw tanks, and Edward Bellamy described in some detail the melodic phenomenon we now know as Muzak.

The most recent of the prognosticators is the English writer Susan Kerby, who, in her novel "The Roaring Dove," gives us a dour, pessimistic portrayal of what Great Britain will be like in fifty years if it follows its present Socialistic course to its inevitable end. One hopes that Miss Kerby's predictions will be proven dead wrong, for Trionia, the mythical kingdom in which she lays her story, turns out to be, on close inspection, a benevolent, plush-covered dictatorship. The Trionians *think* they're well off, the government-controlled newspapers and radio stations are forever asseverating they are, and their isolation is so complete (tourists never revisit the place and Trionians are allowed to take only £100 out of the country, most of which goes for transportation) that few persons are around to bring up odious comparisons. The State has a tentacular control of business, foreign trade, and public utilities. Trionian tea has managed to hold up, but the food is extremely insipid. Prices and wages are pegged, and production is controlled. Everything is rationed. Art is in the doldrums. The colonies have long since been given up, and exports have dwindled to watered-down liquor, manganese, and inferior raisins. The nominal ruler has been relegated to the status of a shabby, carelessly strung puppet who is addressed as "Mr. King" and who refers to himself as a "commoner sort of commoner."

Into this contorted Utopia comes a young, rather self-contained Englishman named Fabian Clarke, who wishes to write a monograph on that little-known Trionian sacerdotal figure, St. Thomas Minimus. In hardly any time at all he finds himself involved in a movement of a few disconcerted Trionians and foreign-born residents of that country to overthrow the prime minister, who has been in office for about thirty years. Since many of Miss Kerby's characters are straight out of the better-known Lewis Carroll books, the revolution is to be, inevitably, a bloodless one. Counterpropaganda, scandal in high places, and the attraction that Nicholas, the king's well-set-up son, has for bored Trionian women are the insurgents' weapons. They aren't especially effective ones, as it turns out, when pitted against the state machine. The intricacies of the plot may bog down the reader from time to time and a few maudlin passages are best skimmed over, but her satire is brisk and well-aimed.

* * *

Guy and Constance Jones's fantasy, "There Was a Little Man," contains some social commentary, too, but of a more commonplace sort: there is a brief caviling at impervious headwaiters, invidious radio programs, and the bustle of New York life; and there is the conventional harsh glance at the reprehensible characters who infest the advertising business. In fact, "There Was a Little Man" could be described as a condensed and not overly risible version of "The Hucksters" with a leprechaun added. The leprechaun's name is Horace, and it is his function (for reasons of patriotism, possibly) to break up the engagement of an American advertising man named Stephen Fitzpatrick and his fiancée—a New York girl—and get him to marry an Irish widow who runs a tavern in the Irish coastal town of Ballynabun.

The climax is reached when, after a few minor pranks, Horace filches the fiancée's lipstick, rouge, powder, powder base, and so on and so on, with the result that Fitzpatrick happens to see her face in very close to its natural state. She accuses *him* of performing the horrible deed, and from that point on their romance rapidly cools. There is a great deal of fatuous, inconsequential talk among the protagonists throughout, most of it by the charmer, Fitzgerald, and one wonders if the fine, strapping widow he finally espouses is so lucky, after all. I suppose leprechauns are as likely to ball things up as anybody, though.

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CLASS OF '48

(Continued from page 20)

should be allowed to shield guilty individuals against the arm of world law—even though those individuals may have been working at the direction of the state itself. World law should have access to any individual, however high or low his station may be, who is implicated in a violation of that law.

* * *

The most immediate and pressing problem before such a review conference, of course, would be Palestine.

The war in Palestine dramatizes the need for effective United Nations machinery to keep the peace. It has been said that if only Russia and America could agree the United Nations would be a powerful organization. Yet on the issue of Palestine both America and Russia have agreed —yet peace is gravely endangered. The Arabs have defied the UN, exploiting the ambiguity of the Charter itself to justify the invasion. Moreover, the Arabs have stated flatly they will not abide by a UN decision. Could there be any sharper case for the need to invest the UN with a clear-cut structure of obligatory powers, plus the ability to carry out its decisions?

In the meanwhile, mercy and the basic facts of justice require that the nations open their doors to the refugees of all races and all religions. The conscience of Christianity in America will not permit us to turn our backs on human beings who were scattered about like driftwood by the tides of war. Let us have the thrill of seeing these future American citizens line up at the rail as their ships pass the Statue of Liberty. Let us have the thrill of seeing the same light of vital appreciation and inspiration come into their eyes that was in the eyes of our own ancestors when the promise of America became reality.

* * *

What I have discussed covers some of the questions and proposals that a review conference of the UN might properly consider. Doubtless, there will be many others. What is important is that *all* nations—and I place sincere and hopeful emphasis upon the word *all*—will participate in such a conference.

Let *all* nations—in good faith and mutual respect—come together for a cards-on-the-table meeting.

Let it be a meeting liberated from the conventional double-talk of diplomacy.

Let it be a meeting where the participants will regard themselves not as the representatives of this nation or that but as trustees of the human race.

Almost 160 years ago, one of the great figures of American history — Benjamin Franklin — wrote: "God grant, that not only the love of liberty, but a thorough knowledge of the Rights of Man, may pervade all the nations of the Earth, so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere on its surface and say, 'This is my country'."

Let us, of the United States, hold out our hand to the world. Let us ask the nations to join with us in a supreme effort not only to save the United Nations but to enable the United Nations to save the world.

N. C.

The foregoing is drawn from a commencement address given at American University, Washington, D. C., on May 31, 1948.

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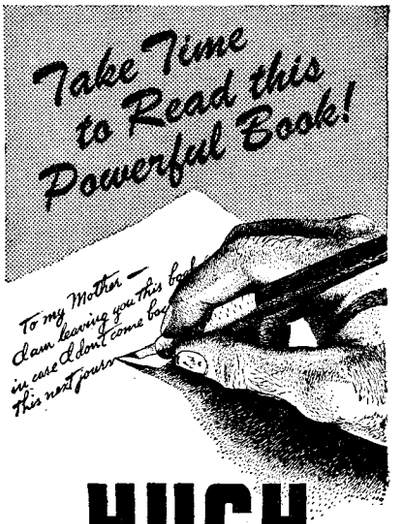
***The Saturday Review's* Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films dealing with contemporary issues.**

Title	*Description*
NOW THE PEACE. National Film Board of Canada. Discussion trailer and teachers' guide available. 20 minutes.	An analysis of the plans for a lasting global peace. This film clarifies (with diagrams) basic aspects of the organization and program of the UN. The fundamental weaknesses of the League of Nations are examined with a view toward avoiding such errors in the future. International cooperation and world government are implemented by a unified program of distribution of food, natural resources, and funds.
PATTERN FOR PEACE. British Central Office of Information 16 minutes	A complete guide to an understanding of the operation of the UN. By the use of animated sequences, we are shown how the organization is set up and what the purpose of each department is; there is a description of each council and its members. There is also an explanation of the veto power.
THE PEACE BUILDERS. National Film Board of Canada. Teachers' guide available. 10 minutes.	A review of the historic meetings which culminated in the formation of the UN at San Francisco. There are scenes of the following conferences: Teheran, Hot Springs, Moscow, Dumbarton Oaks, Casablanca, Bretton Woods, etc. This is a photographic record of the men and events which began with the Atlantic Charter.
THE PEOPLE'S CHARTER. United Nations Film Board. 20 minutes.	An emphasis on the relationship of the UN to the peoples of the world. It is the history of the charter on which the UN is based. The analogy is drawn between the role of the individual in rebuilding his homeland and that of the group which is rebuilding the world.
WATCHTOWER OVER TOMORROW. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. 20 minutes.	Written by Ben Hecht and directed by John Cromwell in cooperation with the entire motion picture industry in Hollywood, this was the first film produced to visualize the Security Organization proposed at Dumbarton Oaks.
BOUNDARY LINES. International Film Foundation. 10 minutes. Color.	Aside from the intrinsic value of its message, this is one of the most imaginative and creatively sophisticated films ever produced. Its artistic merit is equal only to its theme, which treats of the imaginary lines that divide people from one another. There is little difference between the chalk line drawn on the pavement as a challenge by young boys and that of the invisible line which separates adults because of race, color, creed, or social position. The musical score is carefully integrated with the exceptional drawings, paintings, cut-outs, and animation. This short film is in color and it produces an emotional catharsis.
BROTHERHOOD OF MAN. United Automobile Workers, CIO, UPA. 10 minutes. Color. (Film script appeared in *Hollywood Quarterly*, Vol. I, No. 4.)	This film is based on the pamphlet "Races of Mankind" by Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish published by the Public Affairs Committee; it was then produced as a filmstrip, "We Are All Brothers" by New Tools for Learning and the New York University Film Library. Most recently it was rewritten by Benedict and Weltfish, both of the department of anthropology at Columbia University, as "In Henry's Backyard" (*SRL* Mar. 27) and published by Henry Schuman, Inc. ($2.50) with illustrations from the film "Brotherhood of Man." The scenario was written by Ring Lardner, Jr. (See "Hollywood on Trial" by Gordon Kahn, published by Boni & Gaer, $1; Reviewed *SRL* Apr. 17) in collaboration with Maurice Rapf of the Disney Studios and John Hubley and Phil Eastman, formerly with Disney. This is a clever animated film which humorously exposes the prejudice and false notions about racial differences and superiority.
MAN, ONE FAMILY. Crown Film Unit, British Information Services. 10 minutes.	Produced under the supervision of Dr. Julian Huxley and Professor J. B. S. Haldane, this film has been translated into sixteen languages to be shown throughout liberated Europe. It explodes the theory of a master race, and scientifically examines the development of peoples of the world. Biology and sociology are reinterpreted by means of the film media to demonstrate the democratic way of life.

A. Bertrand Channon.

For further information about the purchase or rental of these and other films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.



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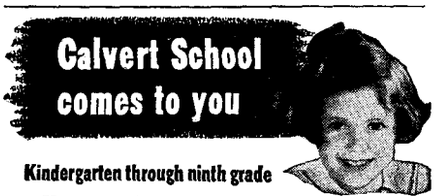

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ESCAPE FROM MAIN STREET

(Continued from page 7)

few days later Ross Lockridge, Jr., aged thirty-three, took his life in that Kaiser.

Two months later I returned to Bloomington.

A near neighbor said, "We knew something queer was going on. Why, I've never set foot in their living room. They kept saying Ross was tired and wanted to be left alone. He used to drive his car from the garage to the street and back again as many as fifteen times in succession."

Vernice, peaked, trembling, had dinner with me. "Now it's my turn not to sleep," she said. "You never saw the real Ross," she said. "He lost all his vitality. He was sick since October. Sleeping pills strong enough to knock me out for twenty-four hours gave him only two hours. He couldn't eat either. They worked him so hard, rewriting the book for M.G.M. He couldn't do anything after October. He wanted to go to a sanatorium, but we had put ourselves in the hands of a family doctor who said it would be a disgrace to send Ross to any such place and that he would be all right if he just kept to a normal routine."

I WENT to see his mother, seated on the wide porch under the wonderful old trees. "I don't cry," she said. "I am Eva Alice of the book. And I'm the mother too. Did you notice, he didn't dedicate it TO me, it was FOR me. He said, 'Mother, I want you to be the first to read it.' He came here that last day. I said, 'What's bothering you, Ross, can't you tell your mother?' I made him laugh too. I don't think he killed himself," she added, her mouth a tight line. "He might have met with foul play; why, he had as much as one hundred and thirty dollars in the house."

His father, quick to tears, the ruggedness dwindled, lunched with me. "The boy put his heart's blood into the book; he had nothing left. I knew this would happen. A doctor warned me of suicide. So I prayed for him, prayed every day on that porch. He was a good boy, my boy, never drank, swore, or smoked."

The very factors that had made his story a good woman's magazine feature were, it seems to me, the factors that undermined him. I remember thinking of Oscar Wilde and his "Each man kills . . . ," and Tom Wolfe, as a student, shouting, "Don't let them get you!" They "got" Ross Lockridge, Jr., because he was a sweet person, lacking ruthlessness, the prerogative of genius. If he had cut more ruthlessly into "Raintree County," the book would have been better. He was no one-book author; he never would have been content to live as a Margaret Mitchell lives. But he could not find a remedy for the let-down that invariably comes after completing a big job, the let-down Trollope understood so well he never submitted a novel until he was deep into the next.

Obviously, Ross Lockridge, Jr., should have escaped, if only for a while, from the environment that constricted him. He should have boarded a ship for South America, for China, anywhere but Hollywood. No matter where he went, he should never have lugged Bloomington along. But even if he had left it physically, he probably would never have been able to escape it mentally. Like his own Johnny Shawnessey, he knew "his victory was not in consummations but in quests." So the inner conflict stretched and tore him to bits. He "could no more uproot himself from this memory-haunted earth than he could pluck body from soul."

Collision

By Marcia Lee Anderson

SINGING its fiery memories of grace
A sunbeam slanted sharp through the kitchen screen,
And suddenly, after a million leagues of space,
It struck a drop of water it hadn't seen.
The water had been singing a smaller hymn
In a rounder key; spun from the kitchen stove,
Its fluid memories of earth were dim,
Its private arc a leaping after love.
What did the two say, when the two collided,
Diverted each from singular desire,
When the slant sunbeam shivered and divided
And the round water split into diamond fire?
What wild identity of line and curve
Broke to a rainbow on the singing nerve?

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Assessment of Men

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The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
ILL MET IN MEXICO *Charlotte Murray Russell* (Crime Club: $2)	The Edwards sisters and brother Arthur go touring in Mexico and Jane Amanda hands double slayer over to grateful El Jefe.	Least obnoxious of spinster sleuths does really good detecting job in Mexican town while sister, brother, and assorted tourists supply comedy.	Chucklesome
TREMOLO *Ernest Borneman* (Harper: $2.50)	Clarinet mfr's. household upset by strange incidents and messages all indicating wife's insanity. Music-maker finally surprises culprit in act.	Agreeably dissonant blend of jazz and psychological "horror" with jazz winning by several chords. Suspense well maintained and people especially interesting.	Above average
THE DEAD RINGER *Fredric Brown* (Dutton: $2.50).	Ed Hunter and Uncle Am of "Fabulous Clipjoint" fame solve strange deaths of midget, chimp, and child in and near carnival.	Garish "carney" background; well-constructed plot; considerable tough talk and uninhibited action; craftily contrived solution which has its surprises.	Bull's-eye—if not for squeamish
FALSE BOUNTY *Stephen Ransome* (Crime Club: $2)	Another sips poison prepared for murderous ex-wife by young lawyer. He investigates all angles and lives in terror through other slayings.	Nail-nibbling suspense throughout. Lawyer's efforts to discover how plans went wrong and definitely quench killer mix puzzle and thrills admirably.	Full marks
A PARTY FOR LAWTY *Maureen Sarsfield* (Coward-McCann: $2.50)	Double murder in bizarre English inn with fantastic proprietress and bibulous guests, solved, enforcedly, overnight by snowbound Scotland Yarder.	Few stories have assembled so many cockeyed characters under one roof. Detective shrewdly circumvents dipsomaniacal madcaps and spots well-concealed culprit.	Crazy—but effective
REPORT FOR A CORPSE *Henry Kane* (Simon & Schuster: $2)	Half-dozen long-shorts about Manhattan and Hollywood exploits of private "Richard" Peter Chambers, full of blondes, bullets, and Bourbon.	Read one at a time they pass inspection. One-sitting may induce repetitive hangover. Stories originally ran in *Esquire*.	Average toughies
LOVE LIES BLEEDING *Edmund Crispin* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Pistolings of two English public-school instructors, bludgeoning of beldame, and abduction of girl give Gervase Fen plenty to do.	Background, people, murders, and their aftermath (including lost Shakespeare play) intelligently and engagingly portrayed, although elucidation is slightly long-winded.	Worthwhile
THE TORTURED ANGEL *David Garth* (Putnam: $2.50)	Postwar search, in Normandy, for Nazi document delivered to missing American officer by French *Maqui* keeps ex-Intelligence major stepping.	Hunt for sinister papers (gratefully non-atomic) handled with finesse, literary skill, some romance, vivid flashbacks, and gallons of excitement.	High-grade
MISS PYM DISPOSES *Josephine Tey* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Spot of exam.-scandal at English girls' college and subsequent fatal "accident" lead visiting woman psychology-writer to some surprising conclusions.	Very English, very feminine, elegantly written, leisurely, amusing, penetrating, and adequately suspenseful — with thumping terminal surprise.	Good

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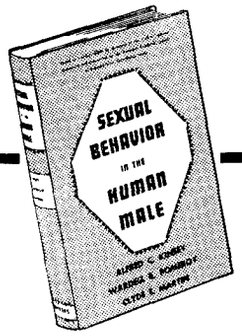

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BACH, CONCERTO IN D MI. VIOLIN, OBOE & ORCH. Pacific Symphonetta, M. Compinsky, vl., G. Schoenberg, ob. Alco T 100 *One 16-inch plastic*	33 rpm long-playing. Single side. Quality equals that of 12" standard release. Oboe too close—an unpleasant, pinched sound.	AA	On re-hearing, this has its points — mainly the wonderful music. Oboe is very sour, whole a bit bumpy. 2nd & 3rd mvts. best. (Same as Bach 2-piano concerto.)
GRIEG, CELLO SONATA IN A MINOR. W. Van Den Burg, vc., Sara Compinsky, piano. Alco T 101 *One 16-inch plastic*	33 rpm long playing. Piano is on tinny side, some bad peaks. Cello good. Balance is OK, acoustics too dead.	AA— to A—	Piano will sound wobbly unless your motor is absolutely even. A big, concerto-like piece, fine melodies, overblown development. Bouncy.
SHOSTAKOVITCH, TRIO IN E MINOR. Compinsky Trio (violin, cello, piano). Alco T 103 *One 16-inch plastic*	33 rpm long playing. Quality better than in regular (12") release. Level about the same. Fine recording except for too high peaks.	AA+	Brilliant, well written, but overextended. Usual Shostakovitch marches, scherzo. Good slow mvt. Excellent performance.
TOCH, THE CHINESE FLUTE. Pacific Symphonetta. M. Compinsky. Alice Mock, sop. Alco T 102 *One 16-inch plastic*	33 rpm long playing. My copy of this is poor—level below that of 12" pressings, seems fuzzy. Probably has been improved.	A to B+	A remarkably effective atmosphere piece, exotic. Astonishing tonal effects, economy of means. Easy listening, but good too!

AT LAST—THE HALF-HOUR RECORD

SOME two years ago (*SRL* Aug. 24, 1946) this column suggested that instead of the hopeless anomaly of the record changer the sixteen-inch long-playing record was the best way to achieve musical continuity in the home. Now, at last, the first such records are available for home use (above).

It is not easy to change such an industry as the record business. Its inertia is measured in millions of dollars. Only pressure amounting to dire emergency can alter its course. But now that steam is up and pressure rising, every new development, however "practical," must be measured strictly in terms of its potential clash with existing interests. And on every score, I maintain, the long-playing record wins.

1). Long-playing records can be made with minimum conversion. Commercial long-playing discs have been standard throughout radio and in countless other recording situations for years. Moreover many of the records you now buy *were originally recorded on sixteen-inch long-playing discs*, then copied onto the twelve-inch size. 2). Similarly, slow-speed playing equipment has been made and sold to the trade in great volume for years. Development problems are mostly solved ahead of time. With reasonable mass production a good home unit *should cost no more than a good changer.* It is far less complicated in construction. 3). All long-playing equipment is two-speed. It will play your present records as easily as the slow-speed ones, with an absolute minimum of duplication in equipment. Your present library need never be junked! 4). New recordings may be made available in both slow and fast speeds. 5). Older recordings—a vast legitimate vested interest—may be reissued as desirable in long-playing form with a minimum of trouble.

Pending further expected developments, you can acquire a complete "transcription player" (two-speed) for under $50, and up. Separately, you may have a reasonably solid two-speed motor at any radio outlet for about $20; a sixteen-inch curved arm pickup (it improves steadiness on regular records) is about $15 with Nylon cartridge. GE and Pickering fit. Information on Alco records and players from Alco Distributing Co., 267 W. 69th St., New York, or Alco Recording Co., 8913 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, if not at your local store.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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THE RIGHT BOOK AT THE RIGHT TIME

ONE OF the secrets of success in bringing together boys and girls and books is to have the right book at the right time. In the present state of world affairs one of the books reviewed below is an excellent choice for the summer vacation. Children may be a bit weary of various school "projects" that inform them about the problems that men face today. Nevertheless, it is evident that they are doing their own thinking and that their thinking is broader and more impersonal than it has been in other periods of our history.

A book like "Building the World," with its inviting pages and interpretative drawings, may fall into the hands of young people at a moment when they are mentally ready for it, when they are unconsciously reaching out for just what it can give. An exhibit of the development of atomic energy that thousands of New York boys and girls—and many from other cities—will see is an incentive for reading any good book that explains and interprets it. The next two months will bring a certain amount of leisure to young people. This is the time to search the book stores for good stories, good biographies, good books of true adventure. The phrase "leisure reading" has been spoiled by misuse. The truth is that one of the most desirable things on earth is leisure and a good book! It needs a little forethought to create them. The forethought should come now.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

BUILDERS OF THE OLD WORLD. By Gertrude Hartman and Lucy S. Saunders. Illustrated by Marjorie Quennell. Maps by Magnuson Derwinski. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 468 *pp.* $3.

THIS history of the world, from pre-historic times down to the discovery of America, is so arranged that it could be used as a text book. It has an index, a table of dates, and an unusual number of fascinating and informing maps. On the other hand, it is so interesting in both text and illustration that we can easily imagine reading it as one reads a story. It has an unusually attractive page, with good type and wide margins. Marjorie Quennell's drawings, in color, are a constant temptation to read the text. It is a book that answers many questions, gives many historical facts with the least possible effort involved.

PICTURE BOOK OF MOLECULES AND ATOMS. By Jerome S. Meyer. Illustrated by Richard Floethe. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 1948. 47 *pp.* $2.

THIS was published last year, but now that New York is to have an exhibit on the development of atomic energy as a part of its Golden Jubilee, it is a good time to bring it before the boys and girls. It is an explanation of the molecule, the atom, the proton, and the neutron — and of atomic energy in general. It is told in a clear, convincing style, using many comparisons with things that are familiar to most young people. Like "The Picture Book of Astronomy" by the same author and artist, it is presented in a large, flat book with many illustrations. It is far beyond the comprehension of little children, and one wonders if the picture-book form will not antagonize the older ones who are capable of understanding it. There are imagination and design in the drawings, as well as a scientific presentation of a rather complex subject. There are tables showing the proportion of protons, electrons, and neutrons in the various elements. There are drawings which illustrate the action of molecules in gas, liquids, and solid substances. All this is exceedingly useful. Our only adverse criticism is the book's format.

PRINCE OF PARIS and Other Stories Around the World. By Katherine Adams. New York: Barnes & Noble. 1947. $2.50.

THE PEACE of this mad world of ours can come only through the continual intercourse and understanding of its youth. That is why Katherine Adams's latest book, a collection of thirty-odd tales of different countries, is so valuable. Holland, Italy, Ireland, Arabia, Turkey, Norway, Greece, the Soviet Union, England, and America are all represented. The stories, written in her natural and inimitable style, are packed and vivid, abounding in adventure and holding a quality of joyous camaraderie. Yet serious problems are not ignored; such as that of the Brazilian schoolboy Tamas, who gives up education. companionship, and good times in Rio de Janeiro to return to his native jungle in the North and teach his people what he has learned; and Janet Wheatley's championship of the Negro girl Cindy Williams, whose genius in painting she discovers by chance.

The reviewer has her own favorites, the chief being a mystical story called "The Voice," an incident of a Greek boy, a runner who feels the presence of Pheidippides; a Dutch story called "The Sleigh" and one from the mountains of Norway, "Karlsdotter and the Cave." Though there are so many stories, some much slighter than others, a high level of interest has been maintained. Only an author who has known early and wide travel, has absorbed the sights, scents, and tastes of other lands could have dealt so happily with young people. They come to life and take our hands; their backgrounds hold clearly the homes, the pets, the dress, and native customs, in short the inherent spirit of each nation. And, oh, the marvelous things they have to eat and the wholesome fun they squeeze out of each day! What a book for boys and girls at the present time. We need to laugh more and—that being the case—we need more books like this one.

LAURA BENÉT.

SENOR CASTILLO: COCK OF THE ISLAND. By Helen Caire. Pictures by Christine Price. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 76 *pp.* $1.50.

A STORY that has something of the flavor of a folktale, this tells of a proud cock who lives on an island off the coast of California. He rules the hens in a royal manner, gets slightly bored with it all, and goes off by himself in search of adventure. After a long and often an uncomfortable and humiliating journey, sometimes on sea and sometimes on land, he returns to the barnyard and the hens a wiser and more humble cock. His story is illustrated with black-and-white drawings that have humor and atmosphere.

LET'S MAKE A LOT OF THINGS. Written and Illustrated by Harry Zarchy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 156 *pp.* $2.50.

HERE are clear, practical directions for making jewelry and for making various useful and beautiful objects from metal, from clay, and

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from leather. The basic materials are explained and their origin described. Tools and equipment are shown with explanatory drawings. It is a book for more mature and ambitious workers than the author's last volumes.

THE ART OF CHINESE PAPER FOLDING. Written and Illustrated by Maying Soong. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 132 *pp.* $2.50.

THE TITLE page of this unique book says that the art of paper folding is for young and old. Certainly extreme youth or very old age is no barrier to the fascination of making useful and beautiful things out of white and colored paper. No paste, no scissors are necessary; just the paper and this book. With the directions Madame Soong manages to give a sense of leisure and gracious living. This is a very old art in China. The Western world would gain if it devoted time to it.

MORE FOLK TALES FROM CHINA. By Lim Sian-tek. With Illustrations by William Arthur Smith. New York: The John Day Co. 1948. 160 *pp.* $2.50.

THE FIRST volume of Chinese folk tales translated and retold by this author was published in 1944. This is in the same format, and has the

—*Illustrations from "Builders of the Old World."*

same lovely line drawings. One section tells the "why" stories, of the creation of the world and its creatures. Another section tells some of the fairy tales, and a third the hero stories. It is interesting to find in a tale called "The Five Queer Brothers" the origin of that ever-popular picture book "The Five Chinese Brothers" by Claire Huchet Bishop. It is good to have the traditional literature of China so well represented.

MICKY WINS HIS FEATHERS. By Carl Glick. Illustrated by Bill Crawford. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 63 *pp.* $2.

BOYS and girls who have read "Micky the Horse that Volunteered" will certainly want this exciting adventure of Micky and his master, Sergeant Farlow. It is in the early days of this century, and there is trouble on the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana. Micky and the sergeant—members in good standing of the United States Cavalry—disguise themselves as a cowboy and his horse and straighten things out.

SPOOKS OF THE VALLEY. By Louis C. Jones. Illustrated by Erwin H. Austin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 111 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is a modern adventure story written around many of the best-known legends of the Hudson River Valley. It involves ghosts and other eerie characters in the local folklore. Two thirteen-year-old boys befriend a former tin peddler who introduces them to a number of people long famous in the lore and legend of the valley. In an appropriately thrilling climax they learn the secret of one of the most fascinating of all legends, Captain Kidd's treasure.

Lucidly and convincingly written, this book provides an admirable introduction to some of the exciting stories in our heritage of regional folklore. WILLIAM G. TYRRELL.

BLUE DOWRY. By Florence Maule Updegraff. Illustrated by Robert Doremus. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 271 *pp.* $2.75.

IT WAS in the days of tension and unrest in the colonies that sixteen-year-old Elizabeth Brandon had to face a conflict within herself. Her Connecticut-born mother, with her heritage of loyalty to the Colonies, and her father, an Englishman and an advocate of the Crown, found no difficulty in reconciling their viewpoint. Each believed in the democratic principle of the rights of man. When her father was recalled to England because of his attitude toward the Stamp Act, Elizabeth was left behind in Connecticut with her grandfather. Deeply resentful at first, Elizabeth, through the wisdom and humor of her grandparents and a rewarding friendship with her thoughtful and spirited foster cousin Michael, gradually grew to appreciate a country where the rights of the individual were uppermost. Her blue dowry, a field of flax given to her by her grandmother, roused in her at first only a slight interest. But it came in time to symbolize for her the challenge to accomplishment that is a birthright of all men.

This is good reading. The background of Colonial politics and the busy, satisfying life on a Colonial farm are always interesting.

RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

MANUEL GOES TO SEA. Written and Illustrated by Harvey K. Fuller. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 96 *pp.* $2.

THIS is a short, quick-moving story of a twelve-year-old boy who runs away to sea when his uncle's ship, the *Magellan,* is lost. Manuel hopes to earn his living by the sea and to find some trace of his uncle. The climax of the story is reached when, by almost superhuman effort, Manuel manages to row to a distant ship to get help for his companions

when their boat is wrecked. The rescue ship proves to be the *Magellan.* The scene is the New England Coast around Gloucester and the fishing boats that go out for cod and haddock. The characters are the Portuguese fishermen who live and work along that coast as they lived and worked on the coast of Portugal. Graphic illustrations help to create a vivid atmosphere and setting. R. H. V.

SOMEBODY ELSE'S SHOES. By Florence Lowe. Pictures by Dorothy Bayley. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 153 *pp.* $2.25.

FORTHRIGHT, loyal, impulsive Evelina was eager to know the little Portuguese girls who were the first new children to come to school in many a day. When Mary Prendergast hurt the little new girls cruelly by accusing one of them of stealing her gold pencil Evelina was quick to defend them. It was Evelina's grandmother who suggested, with a wink at Evelina's mother, that the way to be someone else was to put on someone else's shoes. She really was teasing, but Evelina could not resist trying the experiment. It was quite an experiment and it had surprising results. It helped Evelina not only to solve the mystery of the gold pencil but to bring her a better understanding of other people—including Mary Prendergast.

Evelina of forty years or so ago, when little girls wore white aprons to school, is a heroine that litle girls will take to their hearts and keep there. She is pretty and spirited, with enough imagination to try everything once, yet warmhearted and lovable, and her story is original and amusing. R. H. V.

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the Phoenix Nest

VICTORIAN PARLOR

IT WAS always twilight there: the drawn shades stopped
Early and late, invasion of the sun.
I recall the red plush album, topped
In silver writing, and the eyes of one
Who stared down from the wall. The clock's thin tone
Had spoken nothing for uncounted years.
Here were the seeds of grey oblivion sown,
And watered by the tribute of past tears.

It was another world: the white doors click
On more than memory or vanished faces:
More than hours stopped with time's slowing tick,
More than shadow lies in these dusty spaces.
My childhood stands there, part of the ghostly spell,
Wearing the slow smile I remember well. . . .

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

* * *

Vast is the field of parody! Parody is good for the soul. In an old notebook, the other day, I found some of my favorites. Of Charles Godfrey Leland's "Top-Side Galow" (Pidgin-English parody of Longfellow's "Excelsior") I can only quote one verse:

"Man-man," one girley talkee he,
"What for you go top-side look-see?"
And one tim more he plenty cly,
But allo-time walkee plenty high,
Top-side galow!

Then there is "An Unexpected Pleasure." Was it Arthur Clement Hilton who wrote:

Raise me a bump upon my crown,
Bang it till green in purple dies;
Feed me on bombs and fulminates,
And turncocks of a medium size.
Work me a suit in crimson apes
And sky-blue beetles on a spree;
Because the mother of my wife
Has come—and means to stay with me.

That does not spoil Christina Rossetti for me. No more than this, that *is* by Hilton, spoils Swinburne. It is called "Octopus."

Oh breast that 'twere rapture to writhe on!
Oh arms 'twere delicious to feel
Clinging close with the crush of the Python
When she maketh her murderous meal!
In thy eight-fold embraces enfolden
Let our empty existence escape,
Give us death that is glorious and golden,
Crushed all out of shape!

Of course "Q" 's "The New Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" is perfection:

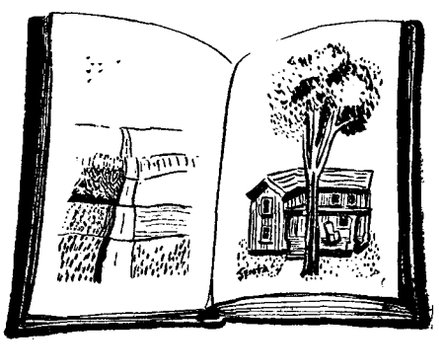
And there ye have a little triangle
As bonny as e'er was seen;
The whilk is not isosceles,
Nor yet is it scalene.

I am not sure however that Horatio Smith's "An Attempt to Remember the 'Grandmother's Apology'" (by Tennyson) cannot soonest have one writhing on the floor:

"Marry you, Willie?" said I, and I thought my heart would break,
"But a man cannot marry his grandmother, so there must be some mistake."
But he turned and clasped me in his arms and answered "No, love, no,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago!"

But that masterpiece should really be read as a whole! Bret Harte did Poe's "Ulalume" to a turn and Calverley's "The Cock and the Bull" is the best parody, in my humble opinion, of Browning. There seems to me something wrong with the latest poets —that no one wants to parody them. Maybe they better parody themselves! In Whitman's time there burst forth a perfect rash of parodies in the American press; and look how well Walt has survived! . . .

The other day a neighbor of mine, Will Irwin, died. As Earl Walbridge has written me, it is impossible to think of him as gone. A Californian who wrote his famous "The City That Was" on the old *New York Sun* at the time of the San Francisco fire, he became managing editor of the distinguished *McClure's Magazine*, married the well-known fiction writer Inez Haynes Gillmore, and was war and foreign correspondent for years. A man of great heart and natural nobility. He also wrote fiction. His brother Wallace is famous for several permanent contributions to American humor. His "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy" under the *nom de plume* of "Hashimura Togo" appeared first in *Collier's Weekly* and reflect an era when the Japanese were benevolently regarded. Will and Wallace both got their start on Gelett Burgess's *Lark*, a San Francisco magazine beautifully posterized by Florence Lundbergh. I once possessed several of her posters. I hope I have them still. She was a real artist. I *do* have a copy of the masterpiece of Wallace Irwin, a first edition of "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," with the signatures in it of both Irwin and Burgess (who wrote the delightful preface, and made a mistake he acknowledges in his interpretation of a certain slang term). Irwin managed the sonnet form with perfect ease, and, though the slang is of another day, it is still to me highly pictorial. The sonnets were more than a mere stunt. I have even heard of professors teaching them in classes of versification. And they were the first attempt, long before Henry Mencken's researches and the poems of John V. A. Weaver to put tough argot into verse. James Russell Lowell and others had experimented with vernacular, but here was the idiom of the streets of that time; and the human nature underneath it was unusually appealing.



* * *

CAUTION: BIRD AT WORK

Most important guano bird is the *guanay*, a highly efficient mechanism for catching the fish that swarm in Peruvian waters and turning them into fertilizer. Each *guanay* eats about sixty small fish a day and deposits annually some five kilos (eleven lbs.) of guano. Steamers passing the Chincha Islands are forbidden to blow their whistles lest the birds take off, fertilizing the sea.

—*Time*, Sept. 15, 1947.

For unexcelled efficiency
The guano bird, yclept *guanay*,
On Chincha in the tropic sea
Can claim top honors any day.

His wants are simple as his needs:
Some sixty fish or so will do
For fertilizing as he feeds
The arid nation of Peru.

Yet as he sits morosely mute,
Engulfed in solemn speculation,
Some passing steamer's plaintive toot
May shatter his preoccupation.

A halcyon tranquility
Should shelter him at any cost,
Lest haply his ability
And agriculture's cause be lost.

RAYMOND HOSKEN.

* * *

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRIC

Time was when one could hope to be
Interred with all due dignity.
But now no sexton tolls the bell
To bid the corpse a long farewell.
As bright synthetic teardrops spatter
The chimes are served up on a platter.

WIN ECKHARDT.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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RESOURCEFUL, qualified woman interested in position directing household, etc. Will travel. References. Box 502-A.

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WOMAN EDITOR seeks quiet, efficiency or room in or near Chicago Loop. Finest references. Phone CEntral 2283, or write Box 533-A.

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ONE COPY MACWILLIAMS, New Regionalism in American Literature. Reasonably priced. Box 511-A.

ORDINARY MAN would correspond with girl not ordinary. Box 512-A.

(Continued on page 38)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 37)

FORMER COLLEGE EDITOR enroute Honolulu. Desires writing assignment—will do unlimited research—excellent musical background. Box 514-A.

LIVELY, WELL-ROUNDED YOUNG MAN wishes to correspond with attractive young lady of high type interested in any of the following: travel, writing, drama, music, advertising, languages, sports, good living. Box 515-A.

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LAW STUDENT, 26, good appearance, ex-officer, traveled, linguist, literary flair, seeks interesting summer job (3 months) as companion, tutor, representative, assistant, anywhere. Box 526-A.

ATTRACTIVE BUSINESS GIRL, refined, congenial, invites correspondence from business gentleman. Box 527-A.

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YOUNG "JACK" would like "Jill" to tumble to typewriter to type text to Box 528-A.

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TENOR WITH PIANO, garden, horse, dog, woodpath interests, would enjoy corresponding with like-minded lady. Box 529-A.

NEITHER WITTY NOR STUPID, glib nor silent, this man wants letters from similar woman who is also human. Interests varied, enthusiasms many. Box 530-A.

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PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

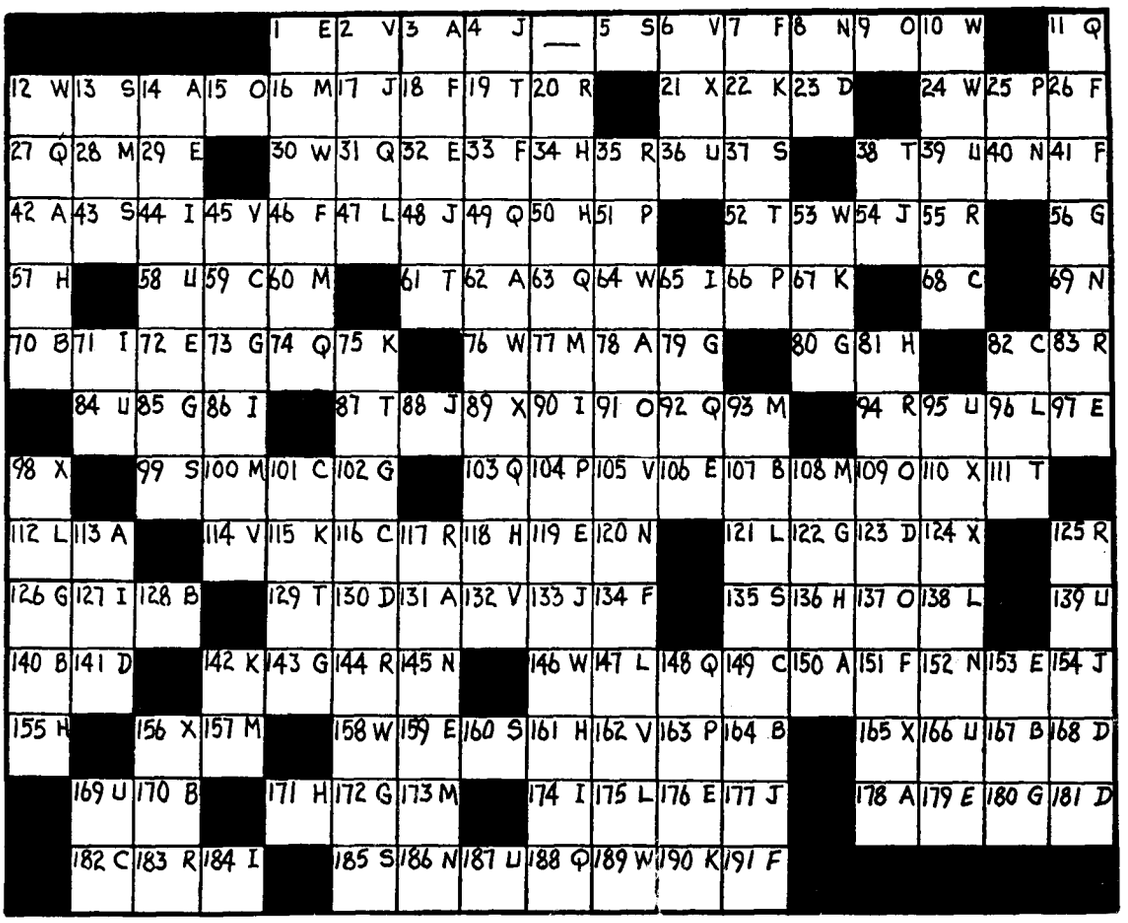
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Assails with violent censure (2 wds.; slang).	14 62 113 178 78 150 131 42 3
B. A little ring, esp. in Arch., Her., Zool.	164 170 140 107 128 70 167
C. Jerked beef.	101 59 182 116 149 82 68
D. An enclosure constructed to trap wild elephants (India).	181 123 141 23 130 168
E. Boundless.	119 176 1 72 159 32 153 179 106 29 97
F. One who or that which deviates from regularity.	151 18 26 191 134 33 7 46 41
G. Title of one of Whistler's etchings in the "Thames set," 1871.	85 80 79 172 143 180 122 126 56 102 73
H. Irish novelist, author of "The Informer", 1925, made into a prize movie, 1935.	57 81 50 118 34 136 161 171 155
I. Compositions of poetic character, usually for the piano (music).	174 90 127 71 65 184 86 44
J. Abusive treatment (comp.).	17 154 177 48 88 54 4 133
K. Applied to a "bath" in which water is forcibly projected on the body in fine jets.	22 67 75 190 142 115
L. In opera, an entrance aria (It.; music).	138 47 147 96 112 121 175

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. British victory over French in Belgium, July 1708, War of Spanish Succession.	77 100 16 173 157 28 108 93 60
N. Imperfect or undeveloped fruits.	120 186 40 69 8 152 145
O. A group of goddesses of whom Calliope was one (Gr. myth.).	91 15 137 9 109
P. State flower of New Mexico.	51 104 66 163 25
Q. Unjustly severe, rigorous, or harsh.	103 11 31 63 92 49 188 27 74 148
R. A place in which hovers a host of threatening enemies (2 wds.).	125 94 83 55 20 183 35 144 117
S. The nobility, esp. in France.	43 185 5 135 13 99 37 160
T. Criticizes cuttingly and sweepingly.	61 52 87 111 129 19 38
U. Entirely; absolutely; quite (Fr.).	58 166 39 187 84 95 139 169 36
V. The back part of the head or skull (anat.).	2 45 114 162 132 6 105
W. Averred again to strengthen first statement.	24 30 158 64 146 189 12 76 53 10
X. Sacred city of Islam containing the tomb of Mohammed, now Medina.	124 21 110 89 98 156 165

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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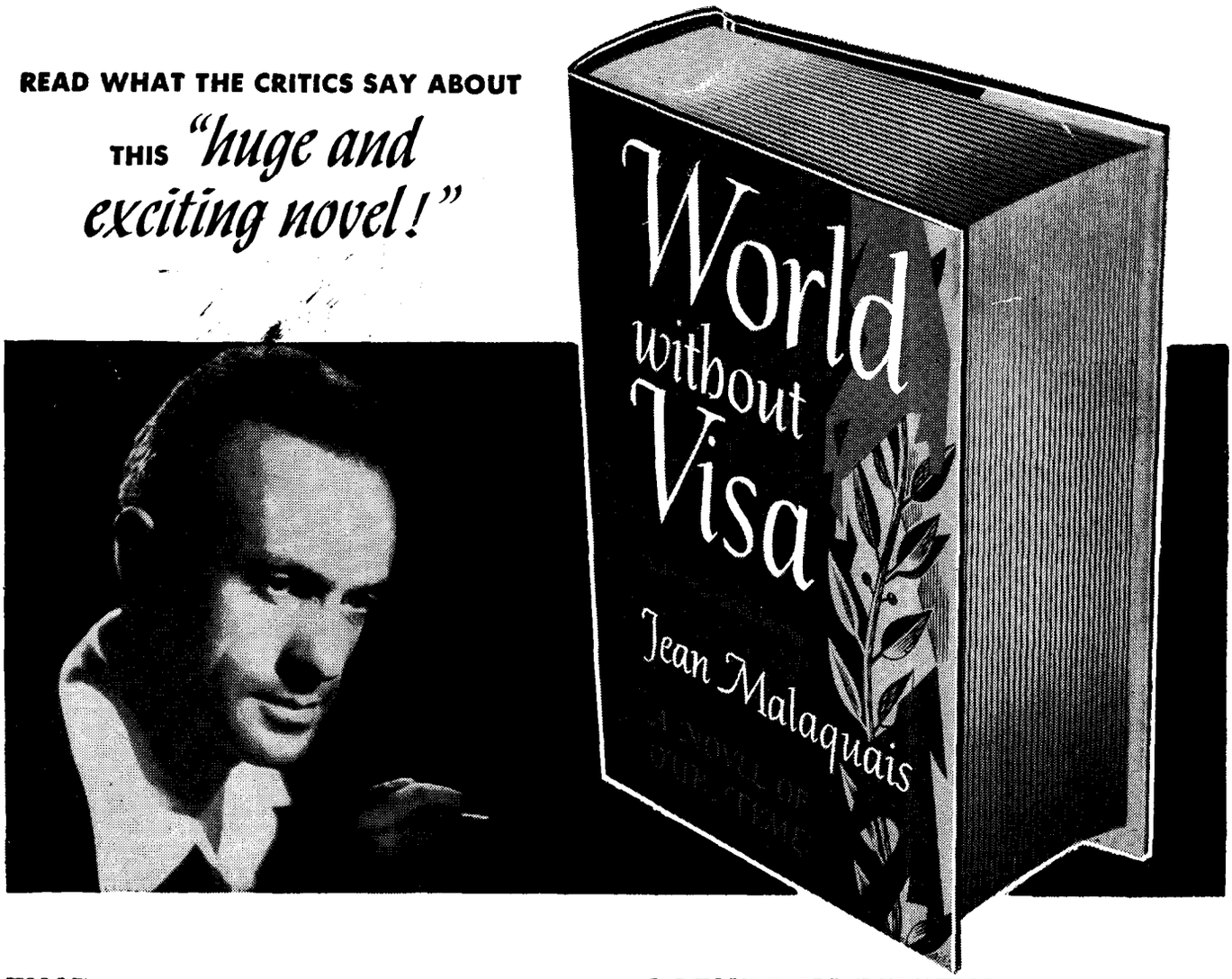

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